

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1883.

PRICE, \$1 65 PER YEAR

VOLUME XIV.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

NUMBER 33.

CONTENTS.

Agriculture—The State Fair—Economy—Notes from Calhoun and Kalamazoo Counties—Sugar from Sorghum—The Hillsdale College—Stock Notes	1
Horse Notes—Western Horse Breeding—Work Horses in Hot Weather—Horse Notes	2
The Farm—Composition of Gypsum—Special Crops—Stable Ventilation—Growing Market—Lamb—Packing Butter—Agricultural Items	3
Horticulture—The Washtenaw Pomological Society—Layering Raspberries—The Cabbage Butterfly—Best Varieties of Blackberries—Laying Grapes—The Banana and the Guava—Harvesting Onions—Horse Evaporated Fruit—American Raisins—A German Insecticide—Horticultural Notes	4
Editorial—Wheat—Cora and Oats—Dairy Products—Wool—Hops—Iron-Workers in Great Britain—Crop Reports—The Consistency of the Chicago Tribune—College Notes	5
News Summary—Michigan	6
General—Foreign	7
Poetry—Wonder Why—Midsummer—Life	8
Miscellaneous—Doctor and Patient—A Sharp Geologist	9
The Flag of the Press—A Clever Dodge—Overmatch—Niagara Falls as it is—True Woe—The Shark's Attendant—Varieties—Chaff	10
Household—Look Before You Leap—Which?—Sally or John—A Floral Letter—A New Contributor Speaks	11
Percheron Horses	12
Veterinary—Probably Stifle Lameness—Paralysis of the Tail—Bursas, Known as Bog or Blood Poison	13
Commercial	14

Agricultural.

THE STATE FAIR.

The Work of Preparing for the Coming Fair—Arrangement of the Grounds and Buildings.

The past week, in company with Secretary Sterling of the State Agricultural Society, we made a visit to the fair grounds to see how the work of preparing for the coming exhibition was progressing. The grounds are the same as occupied by the Society during its last exhibitions in Detroit, and are undoubtedly the finest in every way which the Society has ever been able to secure. They are commodious, easy of access, and have been put into excellent condition. The first year of their occupancy a great deal of labor and hard cash had to be expended in draining and leveling them, and each year since then has added to their condition. The surface is naturally flat, with a clay subsoil overlaid with a sandy loam. As soon as well tilled, the soil became mellow and dry, and is now in fine shape as an exhibition ground.

The buildings are arranged much as before, but with some important additions. As you enter the grounds through the gate at the junction of Cass Avenue and the Holden Road, the Treasurer's office is to the right. To the left is a building to be occupied by the Secretary of State and his crop correspondents. Further to the left is the Marshall's barn, in which the horse stock of the various officials will be kept. Starting toward the center of the grounds from the Treasurer's office, you first encounter the booths and refreshment stands to the left of the avenue. On the right will be placed the tents and buildings of the various newspapers, with a building erected by the Society for the convenience of reporters and representatives of the press.

Next to the press quarters is a neat little building, painted a bewildering blue, in one end of which is the President's office, with a lunch room, etc., attached. The Secretary's office is also in this building, which will undoubtedly be a great point of attraction to the young ladies. Secretary Sterling still remaining unmarried, the result of his high appreciation of the opposite sex. He is so anxious to please them all that he cannot make up his mind to himself to one. Here is where a great deal of the business of the Fair has to be transacted, and the arrangements are both commodious and attractive.

The next building is the Ladies' Cottage, where toilets can be arranged, or a few moments rest secured when tired of walking through the grounds and buildings. It will be remembered that it is next to Secretary Sterling's office, and that he is a perfect encyclopedia of information in regard to the Fair and all answer questions all day long, and come up to the scratch smiling next morning.

Another building was in process of completion, intended for a police headquarters and Marshall's office, and near it is the express office. To the rear of these, and fronting on an avenue at right angles with the buildings mentioned, is the headquarters of the Business Committee.

The main building stands as it did at the last Fair, and was being cleaned up and put in order. It is an excellent building for exhibition purposes, roomy and well lighted, with ample space for the tasteful display of goods of every description.

To the right of the main building is a new building for the exhibition of bees and apian appliances. It ought to be well filled by the bee-keepers of the State, and if it will be one of the most interesting points for visitors on the grounds. Beyond this is the poultry building, which is larger than any yet provided for the fanciers at a State Fair.

Next comes the covered implement shed, a long building covered with a good roof, well floored, and the whole building

of a very substantial description. It is a great improvement over the one heretofore provided.

To the left of the main building is the carriage sheds, one with roof, the other closed in for the exhibition of the finer class of vehicles. They are considerably larger this season than ever before.

Old Horticultural Hall has been remodeled, an addition built to it, and will be known as Agricultural Hall, for the exhibit of products of the farm and the dairy. It will afford ample space for a large exhibit.

A building 36x113 is being erected next to Agricultural Hall, and this will hereafter be known as Horticultural Hall. It is being built under the direction of the State Horticultural Society, and will be a great improvement over the old one.

Further to the right is the sheep and hog pens, three long ranges of each affording space for a large exhibition of these two kinds of stock.

The long avenue on which these buildings all front, will be of ample width to avoid all crowding. The other side of it will be occupied by refreshment stands.

For the exhibition of cattle and horses the accommodations are far superior to anything the society has ever before been able to offer exhibitors. From the Treasurer's office, completely around the grounds on three sides, stretch long lines of horse stalls and cattle sheds. Those in use at Jackson have all been moved in, and a great number of new ones built. From what can be learned from stock men throughout the State, the show of live stock this season will be the grandest yet seen upon a fair ground in Michigan. The owners of the new breeds of cattle that have been introduced into the States within the past few years are anxious to show the public what they have been doing, while the old reliable Shorthorn does not propose to be out done either in numbers or quality. The Holstein, the Hereford, the Jersey, the Devon and the Ayrshire will all be represented, and the exhibition in this particular will be one of great interest as well as very instructive to those who take an interest in stock.

In horses Michigan can and ought to make a fine display. Within her borders the Norman-Percheron, the Clyde, and the trotting horse are well represented, and not a few thoroughbreds can also be found. Such stables as Dewey & Stewart, Brown & Stockbridge, and a dozen others which have an established reputation, should be well represented, and let the public see what giant strides our breeders are taking in the breeding of the highest types of this best servant of man. We want to see Hiram Walker & Sons bring over their magnificent Norman-Percheron stallions, and a number of the half bloods bred by them, to show what can be done with this stock and the common mares of the country. They also have two Hambletonian stallions that are as handsome as pictures, and a son of the thoroughbred horse Gen. Custer that is as beautiful and as graceful as a gazelle. We hope to see an exhibition of horse-flesh that will mark an era in horse-breeding in this State.

The sheep men will of course be on hand in large numbers, and the sturdy merino with its close fleece, the smooth, roiling Downs and the majestic Leicesters and Cotswolds, will afford farmers a chance to judge of their relative merits and distinguishing characteristics. The various varieties of hogs bred in Michigan, and they are quite numerous, will be on hand in force. The Berkshire, the Poland-China, the Suffolk, the Essex, the Chester White, the White Yorkshire and the Cheshires are all being bred in this State, and will have the opportunity of exhibiting their merits to thousands of appreciative stockmen who are looking for the best. We look for a big exhibition of the "great American hog," that is striking terror to the governments of the old world on one side of the Atlantic, and running the McGeeches on the other.

The track is being put into good shape, scraped and leveled, and is likely to afford plenty of sport for those who like to hear the music of the hoofs of the trotter, or share in the excitement of a test of speed between a couple of thoroughbreds.

In rear of the judges' stand, and directly in front of the grand stand, a space of ground has been cleared off and leveled, and here is where the military companies will exhibit their proficiency in military tactics. Some nine companies from various parts of the State have announced their intention of taking part in the drill, and this will undoubtedly be one of the most attractive features of the Fair. The American people all have a natural taste for military affairs, and on such an occasion it will break forth in old and young. The drill ground will be fenced off with ropes, and a large addition to the grand stand will afford spectators every opportunity to witness the drill.

With good weather—and that is nearly assured from the heavy rains that have marked the spring and summer—we predict the grandest fair that has ever been held in this State, and a perfect outpouring of the people to witness it.

The North Branch Gazette says three farmers have lost 15 sheep by dogs, and another one has. No dogs have yet been killed, as they are too valuable.



HILLSDALE COLLEGE, HILLSDALE, MICH.

ECONOMY.

Economy, in a general sense, is a comparative term. What would be considered economy in families of limited incomes, would be niggardliness in another with more numerous resources of prosperity. The one is a virtue, while the other is nearly allied to vice. It belies the good gifts of providence sent for man's enjoyment. When economy takes the form of withholding or restricting pleasant gratifications for the purpose of hoarding more dollars, to be counted in the assets at the end of life, it becomes sinful. Many persons are adept at trading their labor for dollars, but always make bad bargains when they attempt to exchange these same dollars for an equivalent in enjoyment. There are often mistaken notions of what economy really is. The economy of a farm is different from the economy of the household in many respects. It is often economy to make an expenditure of money now and wait years for the results which justify the expenditure. On many a farm the necessity for underdraining has this year become more apparent, and the expenditure of a large sum for tile is proved to be an economical investment. Many clayey farms have been so wet that harvesting by machinery was impossible; every depression in the surface of a field becomes a quagmire with the surplus water, which is entirely changed by tile draining. This not only corrects the evil of too much wet, but it economizes the waste of moisture in a dry time. Paradoxical as it may appear, drained lands are drier in a wet time, and moisture in a dry time than like soils undrained. The economy that restricts such expenditure is "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung."

The purchase of much of the machinery used on the farm has been an economical investment, but many old tools and machines are still in use under the plea of economy. Much patience has been exhausted, and many harnesses broken by attempting to haul heavy loads of grain and hay from sodden fields on narrow treaded wagons. No farmer who has used a broad tire would take the gift of a new narrow tire and wear it out. If every old narrow tire wagon in a township could be heaped together, they would make an economical bonfire, if they could be replaced by three and a half inch tires. The improvement to roads, the large loads hauled with the same power and feed to teams, the freedom from rutts where fields are crossed—all these advantages would soon make up the loss, and leave a large margin on the economical side before the new wagons were half worn out. The new law which releases a portion of the road tax to taxpayers who use broad tires will make their use more economical still.

The practice of a rigid economy enforced by straitened circumstances is apt to fix the habit and prolong it, when the necessity for it has ceased. Many farmers refrain from making improvements, or from purchasing needed articles, merely from this pernicious habit. "There is that scatterth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." This is as true now as in Solomon's time, and the practice of its implied precepts would enrich many farmers who now grind along year by year and "tendeth to poverty," for he who does not use and enjoy what he has is as poor as they who have nothing. Numberless fields are poverty struck to such that might have paid a yearly profit to their owners if they had not thought themselves too poor to purchase seed to stock it down. Such farmers better "build a lodge in some vast wilderness," and leave their farms to kinder owners. There is hope for such farmers only in the position their farms occupy. If surrounded by enterprising men—those who scatter and increase, the lesson may be salutary; but a colony of these cumberers of the ground is known by the shiftless way sides, and tumble-down aspect of the houses. They have economized their

farms into sand burrs and sassafraz, and the only appendage that shows any sign of increasing is the mortgage that covers it.

There is still another class who are liberal in every thing that will increase their worldly store, but who starve their minds. They are too economical to take the papers, save perhaps the *Weekly Palladium*, published at their county seat. When solicited to subscribe for an agricultural paper, they can never afford it, or the time to read it. Their minds present as garbled an aspect as the fields mentioned above. If occasion presents itself to meet the more intelligent open-minded neighbors, their conversation can never get beyond "the visual line that girls them round." Crop prospects the world over are measured by the condition of their own, and, according to their reasoning, if their crops are light prices must necessarily be high. These well-to-do pent up men are the ones that furnish the examples of misplaced confidence. Some thin minded chap who has cultivated his intellectual sand lot so that it blossoms into dictionary words, will talk them into any belief that promises a profit on the wind he is planting. The parsimoniousness which causes farmers always to stay at home and dig rather than to mingle with the hum of the world, is a wide departure from true economy. Opportunities for profitable purchase or sale do not hunt out and run down men, and force them to make good bargains; they only come to those who are accustomed to paths longer than those down the lane. Those who cannot afford to attend fairs, agricultural meetings, etc., are the ones that practice a false economy, at variance with their best interests—an economy which dwarfs instead of enlarging their income. A. C. G.

NOTES FROM CALHOUN AND KALAMAZOO COUNTIES.

DETROIT, August 11th, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I have just returned from a trip on the M. C. R. R. as far west as Kalamazoo, and perhaps a few notes concerning what I observed may not be entirely without value. A traveler by this road does not gain a very favorable opinion of the farming lands of Michigan from what he sees this side of Jackson. True he obtains glimpses of fine farms and wishes he could see beyond those narrow limits within view of observations taken from a car window. As, however, he leaves the latter city he can but see on either hand a beautiful, rich, agricultural country, giving every indication of peace, happiness and wealth.

Occasionally an old-fashioned field of corn may be seen, rich, rank and vigorous, but it is clearly apparent that the wet season has left its mark, and the corn crop of Southern Michigan will fall far below the average.

The wheat crop has exceeded even the most sanguine expectations. The farmers in Calhoun and Kalamazoo Counties do not pretend to put their wheat in barns. It is stacked too frequently in the middle of the field where grown, sometimes near the barns, and the large number of stacks, six, ten, fifteen and upwards, that may be counted, show that a large acreage has been in wheat the past season. A few have threshed, others are threshing, but what the yield is or quality of the grain I did not ascertain.

The crop of oats is one of the best; the acreage is large. Some are through harvesting, others just fairly commencing; many fields stand up ripe and ready for the reaper, while others are lodged and tangled in all directions. The hay crop is of course all secured, and yet in a very few instances on low meadow lands some work yet remains to be done.

In traveling between Jackson and Battle Creek, you can see a thousands hills but no flocks or herds thereon. Occasionally a flock of sheep will be seen, and in range of vision on either side of the car you may at times see four or five and perhaps a dozen head of cattle, but neither

mutton, beef, butter or cheese must be looked for from this part of the State if the country I traveled through may be taken as a fair average of these counties.

This absence of sheep and horned cattle accounts somewhat for the practice now prevailing of stacking their grain out in the open fields, then threshing it and permitting the straw to rot in the stack, an unsightly object. Occasionally a farmer resorts to cremation as a speedier means of casting to the winds that which should go to enrich the soil. Of course, where such a system prevails, clover is relied upon, and summer fallowing is kept up.

While not pretending to be over-wise, yet I cannot but think, that while such a system may be an easy and profitable method of farming, it is not the best. I think a sufficient number of cattle and sheep should be kept on each farm to convert the coarse fodder grown thereon, aided with good hay and a little grain, into a most excellent manure, which when properly scattered over the fields would enrich the soil and thus enable the owners thereof to reap still better crops of corn and wheat annually therefrom than they are now doing. Still, Mr. Editor, I may preach and you may water, but these farmers will likely continue in the even tenor of their ways and not give us the increase we ask for.

I did, however, visit one farm where I found some stock; true, they were small, yet not altogether unworthy of notice. I refer to the Clover Lawn herd of H. R. Kingman of Battle Creek. Mr. Kingman came to Battle Creek a few years ago on account of bad health. He purchased a farm of 128 acres on East Main St., just outside the city corporate limits. Battle Creek River runs along the eastern boundaries of this farm, and lately 61 acres across this river has been added to the original purchase. The land is high, rolling, with a gravelly subsoil, and is evidently very productive.

Upon this farm Mr. Kingman has at present 24 cows, 12 yearlings, 10 calves and three bulls. Each and all are Jerseys. The good people of Battle Creek, at least many of them, being favored beyond those of most cities, have pure, rich Jersey milk delivered to them daily from this farm, in quart and pint Waring's glass bottles, for which they pay in summer seven cents and in winter eight cents per quart. About 150 quarts per day is being sold at present, and about 50 quarts per day goes to the calves that are being raised. Mr. Kingman finds the business pleasant and profitable, and as he now looks the picture of health it may safely be assumed that he will continue in the business.

At the head of Mr. Kingman's herd of Jerseys stands the well known Pansey Albert bull Spireas Lenox 5497 A. J. C. C. In breeding and appearance this bull would satisfy any one, and his calves are especially fine. Some of the cows are especially worthy of notice. Vanity of Windyside 8695 is solid color, and a granddaughter of Pierrot 4th. Peekskill Beauty 14988, also a solid color, is strong in the blood of Sultan. Chippy 2d 13811 and Rabbit Skin 7708, light cream fawns, very handsome cows, one the granddaughter of Champion of America, the latter daughter of Lord Ogden. Silvia Darling 7882, is a large somewhat coarse-boned cow, with some white and with rather a coarse horn, but I think one of the best cows in the lot. May Shell 3993, is a very fine and handsome animal; her dam Mabel 1092, was one of the Centennial prize cows, and her g. d. Europa was a 16 lb. 9 oz. cow, and the dam of Belle of Middlefield, an 18 lb. cow.

These and others I might enlarge upon but space will not permit. I would advise those interested in Jersey cattle to pay Mr. Kingman a visit and see his herd.

I also attended a very pleasant social gathering of farmers at Vicksburg on yesterday, the 10th. The farmers around Vicksburg, which is in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, have an annual after-harvest gathering, at which old and young meet and rejoice together. They meet in a beautiful grove south of the village, where

tables are spread and loaded with rich farm delicacies, and after all have partaken, the speaker's stand and seats in front thereof are occupied, full to overflowing, and short speeches are the order of the day. Yesterday was one of this kind, and all seemed pleased and happy.

I also visited on my way, old friends, and formed new acquaintances. My trip was an exceedingly pleasant one, and should business permit, I would be pleased to repeat the same on some future occasion.

LEX.

SUGAR FROM SORGHUM.

Dr. Loring, Commissioner of Agriculture, being recently in Chicago, he was interviewed by a newspaper as to how the experiments with sorghum were turning out.

The interview is reported as follows: "What are you doing with reference to Mr. Le Duc's, your predecessor, pet project of making sugar out of sorghum?" asked the reporter.

"There has been a great deal of comment about the enterprise. When I entered the agricultural bureau I told Prof. Collier, the chemist, who was making some experiments with sorghum, that I did not desire him to become an advocate of any plan which claimed that sugar could be made from sorghum as readily as from sugar cane. He had stoutly maintained that sorghum was a universal sugar-producer."

"What were the results of his belief?" "He had 130 acres of land devoted to sorghum-raising, and the result was that from this crop he manufactured 160 pounds of sugar."

"And his reasons for not doing better were?" "A very bad season."

"Did not a number of scientific men make a report on Prof. Collier's labors?" "They sent in a report, but it was mainly laudatory of Mr. Collier, styling him the benefactor of the age, and retaining him from discussing the merits of the actual question. I sent the report back, and when it was called for by congress I had it not, but I did not escape from criticism, it being charged that I had suppressed the report."

"Are you experimenting with sorghum now?" "I have hired sixty acres of land in Washington and devoted it to raising sorghum. The crop is already a promising one. Prof. Wiley, of Indiana, is the chemist in place of Mr. Collier, and I have instructed him to procure the best machinery, and if it is possible to manufacture sugar from sorghum and make it an industry that will pay to follow from all standpoint, we will be certain to know it from the tests that we shall make."

It is well known in this State by men who personally talked with Dr. Loring on this subject, that at the time he was appointed Commissioner of Agriculture he looked upon those who advocated the growing of sorghum or amber cane for the production of sugar as cranks. He made no secret of his belief, and stated that the claims of Commissioner LeDuc and his chemist, Prof. Collier, that sugar could be produced from sorghum at a profit, were all humbug. "I do not believe a single pound of sugar will ever be made from sorghum," said the positive Doctor. As Prof. Collier held decidedly opposite views he was forced out of the Department. This action woke up the sorghum men, and before long the Doctor experienced a complete change of heart. Prof. Wiley, who had taken a deep interest in the sorghum industry, was appointed to the vacancy, and we next hear of the Doctor posing as the father of the sorghum interest at the Cane Growers' Convention at St. Louis, Mo. While we have no desire to find fault with the Commissioner for changing his mind when he discovered he was on the wrong side, he should at least refrain from unjust criticisms and slurs upon those who were far-sighted enough to have acted as pioneers in this industry. To ex-Commissioner LeDuc and his able and efficient chemist, Prof. Collier, the cane growers of the country are deeply indebted. They stood up in the face of ridicule and abuse from men like the Doctor, and have now the pleasure of seeing their course completely vindicated.

The annual harvest picnic of the farmers of Hillsdale and Lenawee Counties, will be held at Beardsall's Landing, Devil's Lake, on Wednesday, August 22nd.

Hillsdale College.

We give our readers an illustration of this institution on our first page. It was founded in 1855. The able corps of instruction connected with it from the first, including Chancellor Fairfield, Professors Churchill, Whipple, McMillan, Collier and others whose names have been associated with the best institutions of our land, gave it a standing among the colleges of which its friends are justly proud. The average attendance each year for twenty-eight years has been over 500. The past three years have been years of great prosperity. The wide range of instruction and the practical character of the instruction given have done much to keep up the reputation of the college.

We call special attention to the character of instruction in the applied branches. The museum and laboratory work is confessedly of a high order. Field practice in surveying is given each Spring. The lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company pass through the telegraphic room, thus affording rare opportunities for practice to students in that department who, in addition, transact the commercial business of the company in Hillsdale. Drawing or painting from nature is a point of special advantage in the department of art. Lectures on teaching are given in the fall to the normal class, and studies are arranged, for the same term, with special reference to the wants of the large number who will teach in the winter. There is always a demand for their students as teachers. As a case in point, more than one-third of the class of 1882 had received, previous to graduation, appointments to positions of responsibility in public schools for the ensuing year.

Stock Notes.

The Texas fever is epidemic at Dodge City, Kansas, and many stockmen are suffering losses therefrom.

MR. CHARLES BALL has purchased the Percheron-Norman stallion King William, paying for him \$1,700. He is an imported horse, and now five years old.

AMONG the latest curiosities of lightning is that of a bay horse turned coal black by a thunderbolt striking the ground near where the horse stood at East Thompson, Mass. They have the black horse to show to unbelievers.

THE TEXAS Wool Grower says: "Recent buck receipts here, the fine prices asked and being paid for them, induce us to believe that the sheep business is not dead yet, in fact that it is blooming into fresh life and greater importance."

A WESTERN live stock paper recommends the feeding of hay to hogs. They must have a new breed of hogs out west, the result of prairie grazing and a lack of grain or swill. Or perhaps the editor was a little "off" when he penned the article—not the hogs.

MR. A. D. TAYLOR of Romeo, Macomb Co., reports the sale of his fine yearling ram Advance, bred from the celebrated Hammond stock on the sire's side, through the flock of O. & E. S. Hall, East Randolph, Vt., and his dam was a descendant of the flock of S. B. Lusk of Batavia, N. Y. The purchaser was Mr. Rock Bailey, of Union, Ontario, who is showing Canadian farmers what the Merino can do for them if given an opportunity.

At a recent show of the Suffolk Agricultural Society of England, a prize was offered for the best dairy cow, and instead of allowing the judges to nominate the winner at random, the rivals were milked at seven p. m. on Wednesday, and each was milked again at seven a. m. on Thursday. Three animals only completed. These were two Suffolks and a roan Shorthorn. This last gave 28 pints, whilst the two Suffolks, the larger milked yielded 26 pints and the smaller 19 pints. A number of people, who are always looking for something new, are importing Suffolks into this country for their supposed merits as dairy cattle. Let them ponder over the record made by them in their home, and considered what would be gained by their introduction into this country.

New Seed Wheats.

Among the new seed wheats offered to our farmers this season are the Valley wheat, which originated in Ohio, and was well spoke of last season. It is an amber wheat, is both hardy and productive, and claimed to possess excellent flouring qualities. Mr. A. P. Coddington, of Tecumseh has it for sale.

Mr. H. S. Clawson offers a hybrid of the Clawson, called the Wallace wheat. This is a white wheat, bald, and is said to have done well under adverse circumstances.

Mr. A. L. Richardson, of Parma, Jackson County, has the Grecian wheat. It is a bald variety, with white chaff, and would be called an amber though very light colored. Mr. R. says he got 155 bushels this season on four and one-half acres of ground, sowed on an out stubble. It outyielded Fultz on an adjoining fallow by eight bushels per acre. It has a short, stout straw, and is said to be very hardy.

Horse Matters.

Western Horse Breeding.

The financial possibilities of America assume startling proportions as we investigate the unfoldings of the New West. When the resources of that land first appeared and the figures in regard to the yield of grain that could be raised were given to the public, the feeling was that the market would be glutted, but the facts have been quite the reverse. The limitless west has been needed to supply the market at home and abroad with better products of animals and vegetables than could else be produced. Rich as have been the mineral productions of the Rockies and Sierras, and great as the promise still is in that direction, the plains that have seemed barren waste now bid fair to rival them in financial returns and commercial value. It is a matter with which the schoolboy is familiar, the influence of wool-growing in the west upon the cloth market of the world, and no one can conceive of the condition of the laboring people, had not the sheep beyond the Missouri come to the relief of the poor, while multitudes have coined fortunes by benefiting the common people. It is equally well known that the cattle ranches on the great plateau east of the Rockies have kept the beef market from a practical famine, and their owners have enriched themselves at fabulous rates. And now the horse market promises the same startling development. The demand for horse flesh in America and Europe is enormous. There are twice as many horses in the country as there were fifteen years since, and the demand is never so great as now, and is steadily increasing. There is not a State or county in the United States where horses are cheap. Good horses cannot be purchased as cheaply to-day as at any period in the past, excepting perhaps in war times. A horse of good blood, weight, and build, is as safe an investment in any American town as flour, and better than real estate. There is no State east of the Mississippi that raises as many horses as it needs for home consumption. The wear and tear on horse flesh, with the hurry and worry of the railroad is much greater, so that market has to be restocked in less than ten years. It has become a serious question how America was to keep itself in good horses until Colorado and the adjoining States experimented in the wholesale production of horses on the ranches. The early experiments were with bronchos, a little, ugly, cross-grained animal, tough as a knot, but coarse and homely; and with these the western market was supplied. But recent experiments have shown that it is as easy to raise blooded stock in the Colorado ranch as it is the broncho; that the expense, except for stallions, is no greater; that the small western mare is a good breeder, imparting the broncho toughness and desirable quality, while the stallion gives weight and build, producing horses that average nearly twelve hundred pounds. The number of ranches is at present limited, because of the capital required, and the number of blooded stallions of the Percheron-Norman stock is not great, which, as has been proved, blends best with the small breeders of the plateau. The immediate future is sure to see the horse product of the ranch rival the sheep and cattle in benefit to the commercial world, while the opportunities for money-making will be proportionately greater. The expense of horse-raising on the ranch is not materially larger than cattle-raising, and while a steer at four years of age sells for eight or nine cents per pound, the horse, well-blooded, will sell on an average at twenty cents per pound in the drove; or, while a herd of steers will average forty dollars a head, the horses will readily bring one hundred and fifty dollars and upwards a head, with a certainty that their price will rise faster and steeper than the price of cattle or sheep. The five great powers of Europe use forty million horses. They cannot supply their own market, as its demand increases and their sources of home production lessen. There is no prejudice abroad against American horses, as there is against our cattle and our hogs. Gen. Grant has said a few wisest things than that the perpetuity of American peace and prosperity depends upon the foresight with which she finds a market for her natural products, and systematically provides for the generous supply of that market. Eastern capital will do itself and the country a permanent good if it avails itself of the present and prospective opportunities to develop the horse-ranch business of the New West.

Boston Traveler.

Work Horses in Hot Weather.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph makes the following sensible suggestions: "As we are now passing through the warmest portion of the year and farm-horses have much work to do, I want to say a word about them. If you want a horse to work well, you must endeavor to keep it happy; happiness increases its strength and energies, and unhappiness diminishes them. When you find it is weak in any particular point, do not press and harass the weakness, but show it indulgence. Do not urge it to do more than it is well able, as the more it is compelled to do to-day the less it will do to-morrow. When he begins to slacken his speed, do not recklessly compel him to maintain it, but think how you yourself would like to be thus urged beyond your strength. Do not worry your horse by repeated whip-strokes; as every blow robs the animal of some of its strength and continual blows rob it also of the motives to exertion by the violence of the strokes on the skin, and also affect the muscles underneath on which the motions depend. If any person doubts this, a slight blow on his arm or leg will soon convince him of the truth. If you have two horses working together, and one horse is slower and weaker than the other, do not force it to do as much as the other, but rather slacken the speed, if even it is done by keeping the other horse back.

"Many farmers I know never over-work their horses, but some are less regardful of their comfort and capabilities than they should be."

Horse Notes.

BLACK CLOUD has been withdrawn from the track for the season, owing to some trouble in his fore-legs.

At Franklin, Ky., last week, a fire broke out in Lovell's livery stable, and 21 horses perished in the flames. One of the employees of the stable was also burned to death.

Johnson, the phenomenal pacer, has equaled Little Brown Jug's best time, 2:11 1/2, and Richball and Buffalo Girl have got down to 2:12 1/2. It is likely that the best record will be beaten before the season closes.

The Concord Enterprise says that L. P. Ferguson, proprietor of the Portland Breeding Stables, has purchased of James H. Aldrich, the trotting stallion Young Chief, half-brother of Don Robison. Young Chief when three years old made a record of 2:30, at Coldwater, this State.

Mr. J. C. Deyo, of Jackson, recently took to New York the young trotting stallion Henry Vicks, which has been purchased by Mr. W. K. Thorne, of Newport, R. I. The horse is now four years old, was raised near Coldwater, has a record of 2:28 1/2, and is said to have been sold for \$3,500.

Do not let a cold run wild until it is old enough to break. Tie it up occasionally in the stall with the dam, and frequently lead it by her side when taking her out for exercise or work. Put on a piece of the harness now and then and it will be more easy to harness the animal when it becomes necessary.

Last week the brick stables attached to the Gordon House at Orangeville, Ont., were burned. The progress of the fire was so rapid that the contents of the stables were all destroyed. The trotting horse Gen. Beamish, for which \$3,000 was recently refused, and the trotting horse Highland Jr., were both burned. Other well-bred horses were also destroyed. The loss is put at \$15,000.

H. R. P. PRINCE, President of the Maine State Agricultural Society, writes the Maine Farmer: "I am no horse doctor, but I will give you a very simple but effective cure for scratches, given me by one that had had the care of horses for a long time, and which has never failed with me. It is this. Wind a woolen rag around the horse's ankle and fasten it on and let it be until it wears off. No matter if you drive your horse in the mud, do not take off the rag, and before you think of it the scratches will be cured."

A FRENCH authority states that in its native home the Arab horse is gradually deteriorating and losing its present characteristics of the maximum of speed with the minimum of muscular exertion. The extinction or poverty of certain tribes of Arabs which raised the most perfect Arabian steeds, guarding their pedigree with jealous care, and lavishing love and attention on them, is causing a gradual deterioration of the species. Owing to their present peaceful habits the horse is no longer needed as the gallant friend and ally in case of war, consequently it is not of so much importance as formerly.

The following is the programme for the Flint meeting of the Michigan Trotting Circuit, with the entries in the various classes: First day—3:15 class, purse \$300 divided, 18 entries; 2:35 class, purse \$300 divided, ten entries; half-mile running, two in three, purse \$100, divided, five entries. Second day—2:37 class, purse \$300 divided, 21 entries; 2:34 class, purse \$350 divided, one mile running, three in five, purse \$150 divided, four entries. Third day—3:30 class, purse \$300 divided, 12 entries; 2:35 class, purse \$300 divided, 11 entries; half-mile running, three in five, purse \$150 divided, four entries. Fourth day—2:45 class, purse \$300 divided, nine entries; free-for-all, purse \$150 divided, seven entries; two-mile running, two in three, purse \$150, divided, three entries.

"Buche-Palpa."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

The Farm.

COMPOSITION OF GYPSUM.

What it Does, and What it Does Not Do.

Henry Stewart, in the Country Gentleman, gives a lengthy article on the uses of plaster (gypsum) and corrects some erroneous ideas in regard to it: "Gypsum is a rock, a salt of lime, commonly called sulphate of lime, and consists naturally of 32.6 per cent of lime, 49.1 per cent of sulphuric acid, and 20.9 per cent of water. The water is chemically combined and cannot be separated except by a heat which changes it to steam, when the rock is broken up and falls to powder; or, if it is ground into powder and heated in an iron kettle, the steam escapes just as it does from boiling water, in bubbles and puffs, until the water is all evaporated.

"It is important that this fact should be noted, because it disposes of a common error, viz., that one use of plaster is to absorb water from the air, and so keep the soil moist in dry season. When the plaster has been calcined, or boiled, it has parted with its water of combination or crystallization, upon which its crystallization depends, and becomes 21 per cent lighter. In this State the gypsum is plaster and is used by masons for making the hard finish on plastered walls. It makes this hard finish by combining again with the 21 per cent of water, which it has as a natural affinity for, and which enables it to cohere in a hard, solid mass again. But in its natural state it will not take up any more water; no more in fact, and not so much as sand or soil will do, and therefore in the condition in which it is used as a fertilizer, it can have no beneficial effect in gathering moisture for crops. When, however, it goes into the soil and becomes decomposed, it will in course part with its combined water, it is true, and the farmer who puts 100 pounds of plaster per acre on his clover, may contribute just 21 pounds, or less than ten quarts of water, to that acre of surface—an entirely insignificant quantity for any practical use.

"Of itself, then, plaster can only contribute to the food of plants (1st) its own substance, viz., the salt, sulphate of lime; (2d) sulphuric acid; (3d) lime. That is the

extent of its direct usefulness. But this by no means inconsiderable, for the mineral portion of many plants, notably the leguminous or pod-bearing kinds, as clover, beans, pears, lucern, &c., contain this salt in the form of minute crystals. These are often to be observed in the sap of some of these plants when viewed under the microscope. Plaster being quite soluble, in 400 times its weight of water, is thus easily carried into the circulation of the plants as a necessary aliment. When we remember that no matter how rich the soil is, if one necessary part of a plant's food is wanting, the plant will starve, we can easily realize how indispensable sulphate of lime is then to the growth of such crops as require it.

"But plaster is very easily decomposed. The sulphuric acid in it is held quite loosely, and when it is brought into contact with carbonate of ammonia, this takes the sulphuric acid from the plaster and replaces it with carbonic acid, which unites with the lime, thus forming sulphate of ammonia and carbonate of lime. To what extent this occurs in the soil, of course depends upon the quantity of ammonia present. But it is most probable that one other thing that gypsum does is to seize upon any ammonia that may be brought down in the rain and combine with it; at the same time the lime set free would combine with any nitric acid brought down and combine with that. It is quite probable that this double action does occur. I have noticed the present season a remarkable effect of plaster in this direction, viz.: a very conspicuously deep green color of the grass to which it was applied, within 12 hours after the occurrence of a thunder shower, and a very rapid growth afterward. This deep green color and luxuriant growth is a marked effect of nitrogenous fertilizers, such as nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia, and this peculiar effect is characteristic also of plaster.

"It is this affinity for ammonia which makes plaster a very useful deodorizer in stables. When scattered freely upon the floor, in the gutters, and on manure heaps, it enters into solution with moisture and combines with the ammonia, which is the pungent gas which makes the nose and eyes smart when one goes into a close stable, and which ruins harness and the varnish of carriages kept near the stables. I have been in the habit of keeping a barrel of plaster in each of the stables and scattering it freely upon the floor as soon as it was cleared of the manure twice a day. The effect is to absorb the odor and purify the air, and so make it much more comfortable for the animals, as well as the owner and help, in and about the stables, as well as to prevent the loss which would otherwise occur. There is no doubt of this, as any one may prove at the small expense of a dollar or so for a barrel of the plaster."

Special Crops.

On this subject the Massachusetts Ploughman says:

"To succeed in special crops requires a higher intelligence than it does to succeed in mixed crops, and because of this he who possesses that higher intelligence will make money easier by special than by mixed crops. It is important that he who thinks of growing special crops should fully realize the fact, that because his neighbor can make money growing any particular crop, it is but little evidence that he can. Before a farmer decides to rely on any special crop, he should first consider his location, the condition of his farm, the character of the soil, and most important of all, he should critically examine himself, that he may decide what crops are adapted to his farm, and are not beyond his capacity. After considering every point bearing upon the subject, and deciding what crops are best adapted to the various conditions, small fields should be planted at first, and every effort made to learn everything possible relating to the particular crop that is to be grown.

"He who rushes into growing any special crop because he sees others make large profits, will be very likely to make a failure, and be very glad to go back to mixed crops as the most profitable, but he who goes in cautiously and makes himself familiar with all the conditions necessary for success, will be very likely to realize more profit than by mixed crops. There are several reasons why he will do so. Prominent among them may be mentioned the fact that if he has selected the right crop, one that he takes an interest in, he will make himself so thoroughly familiar with all of the details that he will make no false steps.

"The farmer who follows mixed farming, and sells a dozen different crops, cannot go into the market with them in as good condition as those who make a specialty of some one of them; therefore cannot realize so high prices; and in growing them he will not be likely to have all of the tools that are well adapted to the work, as he would be very likely to if he devoted his time principally to one crop. But there is another side to this question that should not be overlooked. The farmer who confines himself principally to one crop runs the risk of losing his whole labor in an unfavorable season, while the farmer who has a great variety of crops will be very likely to have some good ones.

"A careful examination of the whole subject seems to lead to the conclusion that the growing of special crops, to be successful, requires a higher intelligence than mixed crops, and that while in a good season the profits will be likely to be much larger, in an unfavorable season they will be smaller. Thus the risk with special crops is more than mixed; but the average will be lighter, provided the conditions are all favorable; if they are not favorable no one should think of confining their labors to one crop; too many have already made expensive mistakes by trying to grow extensively some particular crop on land not adapted to it, or a crop they did not understand the best methods of cultivating and of harvesting."

When you have had Catarrh long enough just send it to Dr. C. B. SYKES, 181 Monroe Street, Chicago, for his "True Theory of Catarrh."

Stable Ventilation.

Many owners of stock seem to be as much afraid of fresh air as a church sexton, says the Examiner. When cold weather comes, they barricade their stables as closely as possible against the outer air, and having by this means secured warmth, believe they have made their stock safe and comfortable. This is a serious error. Cattle and horses require fresh air as much as human beings do, and the same evil results follow in their case as in that of men and women shut up in a confined atmosphere which has been breathed over and over until changed into a fetid poison. Under prolonged exposure to such a poisoned air, delicate animals soon become debilitated and constitutional tendencies to disease are liable to be developed which might have remained latent or have been outlived under more favorable circumstances. Even strong, healthy cattle lose vitality in a close, unventilated stable. It is the part of economy, therefore, to provide suitable ventilation for the stable; and in doing so it should be remembered that not only the consumption of air by the confined animals—equal to about 4,000 gallons for a full grown beast during every twenty-four hours—but the exhalations from their excrement must be taken into the account. Nor must it be forgotten that while an abundance of fresh air is essential to health, warmth is equally so. The problem is to secure thorough ventilation without unduly lowering the temperature. Especially should draughts about the feet, as through cracks in the floor communicating with the outer air, be carefully guarded against. All this involves expense; but the outlay for healthy winter quarters for live stock is soon recovered. The food given does its work better; the stock fatten more rapidly and in better condition, and so sell for a higher price at less cost for production; work animals are stronger and more enduring, and hence do better service on the same expenditure for food and care; and the loss from disease, as carefully conducted experiments prove, is very greatly reduced. The stable need not be a palace; but the arrangements for securing warmth and fresh air should be as complete in their degree, as those of a human habitation—a good deal more complete, indeed, than most people seem to think essential.

In some parts of the West burning the stubble of the preceding crop is the usual preparation for wheat. This has the advantage of destroying the eggs of the insects that prey on wheat, and if successive crops are to be grown year after year it is probably the only successful policy. But it would be better to plow the stubble under, grow a greater diversity of crops, and not be ruined by the failure of any one of them.

Bad Case of St. Vitus Dance. Minister, is the singular name of a town situated in Augusta Co., Ohio. It is the residence of Mr. J. Brandewell, who writes: "Samaritan Nervine permanently cured my case of a bad case of St. Vitus Dance." \$1.50.

Growing Market Lambs.

In growing market lambs, says the National Live Stock Journal, the feeder should remember that the lamb must be sustained on the food eaten by its dam, and she must eat enough for two. This consideration shows that her food must be liberal and of good quality. The lamb should increase in weight at least one-half pound per day if growing for market, and this alone requires a fair ration to produce, and therefore the feeder must deal with ewes suckling lambs with a liberal hand. The ewe must produce a profitable fleece besides growing her lamb and keeping up her own flesh. We have produced most satisfactory results in feeding suckling ewes upon the following ration: Ten bushels of oats, nine bushels of corn, with one bushel of flax-seed, all ground together into fine meal, and then mixed, at the time of feeding, with one-half wheat middlings. Each ewe had of this one and a half pounds per day, with about the same weight of fine-cut hay. This was all eaten clean. But the hay is not necessary. Equal gain can be made on straw, but in that case the ewe should have two pounds of such a ground ration on straw, and if the straw is cut short all the better. This small amount of flax seed has a remarkable effect in modifying the heating quality of corn. It keeps the bowels in a healthy, active condition, and prevents all danger of garget in the ewe.

Packing Butter.

The Secretary of the British Dairy Farmer's Association says he does not know of a better method of packing butter than that adopted by the consignors of British butter. Tons are sent to England weekly in rough pine boxes, holding two dozen pounds each. The butter is made up in two-pound rolls, and is wrapped in muslin, with an outside covering of clean white paper. The boxes measure 14 inches in length, 10 1/2 by 6 1/2 inches, and as the lumps of butter are made of uniform length and diameter, 12 of them can be easily, but closely, packed on end in each box. This butter arrives in London beautifully fresh, perfectly clean, unbruised and uninjured in any way.

The secretary further suggests that boxes may be made to hold one or two dozen half-pound rolls on end in the manner described. It is not necessary to wrap each roll of butter in muslin if it is properly made into rolls of equal size and form. The muslin used is called mull muslin.

Agricultural Items.

Do not be in a hurry to sow the fall wheat in regions where the Hessian fly worked this year. Late sowings often escape these pests.

A GILL of strong green tea is said to be a specific for sheep poisoned by eating laurel. A farmer who has used this remedy many years says he has saved hundreds of sheep by it.

HENRY STEWART says that in the majority of cases the best and most popular way to utilize a luxuriant growth of clover is to plow it under. In this way we get all the value there is in it, or that can be brought out of it.

H. G. ABBOTT, of Vassalboro, Me., says that two pigs, furnished with muck, sand, weeds and soil, will manufacture them into the best manure that can be found, and will be worth, when the pigs are six months old, as much as a ton of the best superphosphate that sells for \$40 a ton.

Turn Country Gentlemen says it is a good plan to cut and burn the excrements formed by smut on the corn crop, as it will prevent the increase of the fungus. The latter retains its vitality for two years, according to some authorities, hence it is well to plant no corn for that time on land known to be infested by it.

bitter taste to the milk and butter, a statement corroborated by T. S. Gold, of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture. Orchard grass, says Mr. Nelson, is better than rye.

GREENSWARD plowed in August will get well rotted before winter, and will be fit to plant next spring to almost any farm crops. If plowed early the weed seed will start, and they can be killed with the cultivator, or possibly will be destroyed by frost before they get to seed again, which will leave so many the less enemies to contend against in next year's crops.

THE New Jersey Agricultural Society have offered the following premiums, to be competed for at their next fair: For best income from dairy of ten cows, with verified statement of expense and product, \$50. For best product of butter from dairy of five cows, verified by statement, \$25. For best product of cheese from dairy of five cows, verified statement, \$25. A good idea.

The American Cultivator reminds farmers that weeds along the edges of the fields and by the roadside should be mowed now and raked into heaps while green, or when wet with dew and showers, so that the seeds may not scatter dry, so that they may be burned; and if they are large they will rot, seeds and all; but the burning is the better way to dispose of them.

It is worth while for farmers who use Paris green to know that the best antidote to the poison is iron rust. There are preparations of iron in liquid form which should be kept in farmers' houses wherever this popular insect poison is used. Of course the poison should be got from the stomach by emetics wherever possible. Cases of accidental poisoning from Paris green are frequently reported in the daily papers.

In some parts of the West burning the stubble of the preceding crop is the usual preparation for wheat. This has the advantage of destroying the eggs of the insects that prey on wheat, and if successive crops are to be grown year after year it is probably the only successful policy. But it would be better to plow the stubble under, grow a greater diversity of crops, and not be ruined by the failure of any one of them.

Bad Case of St. Vitus Dance. Minister, is the singular name of a town situated in Augusta Co., Ohio. It is the residence of Mr. J. Brandewell, who writes: "Samaritan Nervine permanently cured my case of a bad case of St. Vitus Dance." \$1.50.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Portrait of Lydia E. Pinkham, with text: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A Positive Cure. For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population. A Medicine for Women. Prepared by a Woman. The Greatest Medical Discovery since the Dawn of History. It cures the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organs, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural luster to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh rosy bloom of spring and early summer. It cures the most distressing cases of Female Weakness, Headache, Indigestion, Nervousness, and all the ailments that afflict the fairer sex. It is a sure and certain cure for all the above-mentioned complaints, and is the only medicine that can be relied upon for a permanent cure. It is sold by all Druggists. 25 Cents per Bottle. Sold by all Druggists."

Advertisement for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, describing its benefits for women's health and its status as a positive cure for various ailments.

Advertisement for Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color, highlighting it as a new discovery for butter production.

Advertisement for James Pyle's Pearl Line, describing it as the best thing known for washing and bleaching.

Advertisement for Hiram Sibley & Co.'s Turnip Seed, noting it is a new crop ready in July.

Advertisement for Cook's Evaporator, for making apple, sorghum, maple syrup and sugar, circulated free.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisement for "The Wonder of the Age" REX MAGNUS, The Humiston Food Preservative, claiming to keep all kinds of food absolutely fresh for any length of time.

Advertisement for Lane & Bodley Co., Manufacturers of Portable & Stationary Steam Engines, Farm and Plantation Use.

Advertisement for Davis & Rankin, 170 Lake St., Chicago, Ill., featuring a Milk Can and Cream Separator.

Advertisement for HAY PRESSES, highlighting the Erbel Hay Presses as improved and efficient.

Advertisement for THE PNEUMATIC FRUIT DRIER, for drying natural fruit and vegetables.

Advertisement for GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, connecting Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific.

Advertisement for SHARPSTEEN'S LAVENDER OINTMENT, an electrical and vegetable internal or external medicine.

Advertisement for Hiram Sibley & Co.'s Turnip Seed, noting it is a new crop ready in July.

Advertisement for WATER-BUILDING MANILLA, for building water-proof structures.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisement for CUTICURA, a skin medicine for various skin conditions, including eczema and psoriasis.

Advertisement for STOP THIEF! \$5,000 REWARD! Beware of Counterfeits! featuring a portrait of a man.

Advertisement for Cured Asthma when All Else Failed, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the cure.

Advertisement for TRASH FLOODS THE MARKET, featuring a portrait of a man and text about market conditions.

Advertisement for THE PEACOCK, featuring a portrait of a man and text about a new product.

Advertisement for THE PEACOCK, featuring a portrait of a man and text about a new product.

Advertisement for THE PEACOCK, featuring a portrait of a man and text about a new product.

Advertisement for THE PEACOCK, featuring a portrait of a man and text about a new product.

Advertisement for THE PEACOCK, featuring a portrait of a man and text about a new product.

Horticultural.

THE WASHTEAW POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Regular Monthly Meeting—The Profits of Fruit Growers—Peach Prospects.

The monthly meeting of the Wachteaw County Society was presided over by Mr. J. D. Baldwin.

The committee on the marketing of fruit reported by Messrs. Baur and Baldwin, the chairman Mr. Crozier being absent. Better prices for raspberries were obtained by the efforts of the committee.

Mr. Mills reported still better prices in Detroit—from six to seven dollars per bushel. He said that Detroit was a better market than Chicago and that Earle Parker, President of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, shipped one car of strawberries per day from Illinois to Detroit.

Mr. Lorenzo Davis addressed the society as a consumer, and wanted to know whether the middle man or the producer got the benefit of extra prices. Mr. Allmand answered that he thought the former did, as they took sometimes five cents profit per quart for his berries.

Some thought if the fruit-growers would sell their berries through an agent the consumer would only have to pay one cent commission. It was considered an injustice to the fruit-growers that the price for berries was established by certain grocery men, who put an arbitrary price on berries of some of their dependants. Although other fruit growers would bring better fruit in better packages they would have to submit to this arbitrary price fixing.

Mr. Ganzhorn thought that the middle men should be invited to our meetings. As the meetings of this society are regular and open to everybody, and invitations given a week before hand, every one is welcome to attend and no one will leave who has not been benefited. The latter would certainly apply to our respected friends who sell our fruit.

Mr. J. D. Baldwin stated he got 16c per quart for his Cuthbert raspberries in this market.

Mr. M. H. Goodrich addressed the society very intelligently on the intrinsic value of berries, and from figures he had collected considered the profits of fruit-growing as envious.

Messrs. Baldwin and Mills, however, informed Mr. Goodrich that his figures did not take into consideration the drawbacks in fruit culture, the casualties, the effort, the time spent in experimenting, etc.

The coming peach crop was taken up. The statement of President Lyon of a 75 per cent peach crop in Michigan was commented upon. Mr. Mills thought that the whole crop of decent peaches in this county would not fill a bushel basket. Mr. Ganzhorn remarked that in making up the percentage of this fruit in Michigan, Wachteaw County and the interior did not come into consideration, only the lake shore or so called fruit belt. South Haven and Benton Harbor had a prospect of three-fourths of a peach crop. The Grand Traverse region was not considered as belonging to the belt.

Mr. Goodrich stated that the trees in that region came to a premature maturity and not finding the necessary food in that soil to make a progressive growth would come to a stand still and go back ward. He had been informed by Mr. Howard of Osage County, that they are making experiments to supply this want in the soil by artificial manures. Mr. G. asked Mr. Baldwin whether he thought these wants could be supplied, and by what means? Mr. Baldwin thinks a good deal of ashes and artificial manures. He prefers ashes from stoves to those from engines or furnaces. Mr. Mills asked where artificial manures could be obtained in this state. Mr. Ganzhorn advised to address the Michigan Carbon Factory at Detroit. Mr. Baldwin stated that President Barker last week stated that in southern Illinois not only the peach buds but the trees were killed by the severity of last winter.

The peach crop of New Jersey and Delaware and the grape crop on the North River were reported as enormous; the grape crop of this vicinity at 50 per cent, by Mr. Ganzhorn.

Prof. B. E. Nichols was added to the committee on marketing of fruit.

On the recommendation of Mr. Evert H. Scott a committee of five was appointed for the collection of a fruit exhibit at the next state fair at Detroit. Messrs. J. Ganzhorn, J. J. Parshall, E. Baur, E. H. Scott, M. S. White were selected for this committee. All fruit growers of Wachteaw would be glad to aid this committee in the getting up of a respectable exhibit of fruit, also canned and dried goods.

E. BAUR, Cor. Sec'y.

LAYERING RASPBERRIES.

ADRIAN, Aug. 4, '83.

DEAR SIR—If you would give us full instructions, when and how to layer raspberry tips so that they will take root, you will oblige more than one.

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—In September the tips of the new canes will be found bending over, seeking the ground. Cover these tips slightly with rich mellow soil, leaving them to take root, which they will do at once. They may be left in this shape all winter, and in the spring can be taken up and transplanted to the place they are to occupy permanently. It is a simple process, and always successful under proper conditions. There is one point to be remembered, and that is that propagating from tips is only successful with the black raspberry; as a rule the red propagates itself by suckers from the root.

The Cabbage Butterfly.

HOWELL, Aug. 17, '83.

Prof. A. J. Cook, Agricultural College.

SIR—Might I trouble you to answer a few questions through the FARMER? 1st,

Does the white butterfly lay one "egg" on the cabbage or many? 2d. How long before the worm begins to cut the cabbage? 3d. What color are the eggs? 4th. Does the butterfly continue all the time until killed by frost, or does it get its work done up after a while? An answer to these questions would oblige me very much.

MRS. WESLEY GARLOCK.

The cabbage butterfly, *Pieris rapae*, lays several eggs on each cabbage, the early brood as soon as the cabbage are set out, the second brood in July and August; the eggs are green, the same color as the plant, and so without experience it requires sharp eyes to see them. In about a week-time varies with temperature—the eggs hatch. Soon after egg-laying the butterfly dies. It lives but a few days; the fact is, however, that the butterflies develop more or less rapidly as larvae and pupae, so that they come forth at different dates in the winged state, and as there are two broods, the butterflies are often seen for several weeks in the season. Pyrethrum is a safe and sure remedy.

A. J. COOK.

Best Varieties of Blackberries.

The best varieties of blackberries under general cultivation in this country have originated from two species, *Rubus Villousus* (high blackberry), and the *R. Canadensis* (low blackberry or dewberry). The *R. Pratincola* is the best known European species, but it has been the source of few, if any satisfactory varieties for this country. The varieties of blackberries admitted to the catalogue of fruits suited to the United States, prepared by the American Pomological Society, are of American origin.

The wide-known and popular Kittatinny, which succeeds in the largest number of States reported for any blackberry, is of the high species.

The Kittatinny adapts itself readily to most localities, and is a profitable market berry. It resembles the older Lawton, whose place it may be said to have, in a large measure, taken. Both are strong growers and productive, but the Lawton must be absolutely ripe previous to picking, or it is acid and lacking in flavor, while the Kittatinny is naturally sweeter, and even before quite ripe possesses many good qualities.

Wilson's Early, a species of the low blackberry, has also run far ahead of the Lawton in public favor. This berry thrives well in twenty-four States, including Maine, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana. Wilson's Early is not only a profitable market berry, but it fruits in advance of the Kittatinny. The vine is a moderately strong grower, bearing firm fruit of good size.

A berry in favor as many as thirty or more years ago, and then known as the improved high bush and now called Dorchester, is a moderately strong, upright grower, bearing fruit of fine flavor not small in size. The size of the berries is against the Dorchester for market, hence it has been largely superseded.

The Snyder, a high species which originated in Indiana, is remarkable for its hardiness and its capacity for enduring extremes of temperature. It is productive, and the berries of good quality but only medium in size.

There are some of the newer berries that promise well. Heading the list is the Wachusett, popular because the bush is nearly thornless. While the fruit is of medium size it is adapted to both family and market purposes, being of excellent flavor.

Another thornless sort attracting attention and patronage is the French thornless, a variety of a European species. It ripens early and appears to be hardy, but the fruit is somewhat inferior, its great merit being an almost entire absence of thorns. Other varieties, the merits of which horticulturists are still discussing, are Ancient Briton and Taylor's Prolific.

There are a few white varieties that are attracting attention as novelties among fancy gardeners, but these cannot be recommended as profitable sorts for general cultivation. One of the most conspicuous of these, perhaps, is the Crystal, originated in Illinois. The berries are small in size and of a yellow hue. A white berry is the Kentucky white.

Laying Grapevines.

The best way to raise new grapevines is by laying the parent vine or a branch of it in the ground. Ordinarily at every joint where a lateral branch has started, roots will go out and a new vine is made. The next spring these different vines are separated and set out in the vineyard. Cuttings produce good vines, but the layers are one year ahead in productive capacity. At least such has been our experience.

When it is intended to lay a vine for new plants, it ought to be let grow in a horizontal line—if it reaches the ground, all the better—so that the laterals will all grow upwards. They will then be in better position when the vine is laid.

A little trench must be dug—in Kansas, about three inches deep, and long enough to receive as much of the vine as it is desired to bury. This trench must be in such place as will accommodate the vine or branch without injury. If the vine to be laid is of this year's growth, it will not be long and the trench must be close. Sometimes we cover the entire vine when it is of the present year's growth. We have so done this year.

The point is, put the trench where it will receive the vine without bending it too abruptly, that all of the laterals from which new plants are expected may be well covered.

To lay a vine, first prepare it by clipping off all little, worthless shoots, and then cut off the end an inch beyond the last shoot which you wish to grow. Make a hooked pin five or six inches long. A forked branch of peach or apple, or of any tree, is good, cutting off one of the forks an inch from the junction, leaving the other one for the pin. Sharpen the little end. The size of the pin may be guessed at in considering what it has to do. Now dig the trench, and lay the vine in it, fastening it with the pin pressed into the earth, the hook holding it still. Then carefully pack loose earth over the vine, being particular about getting it well about the bases of the branches.

This work requires care. Don't bury any leaves. Have them all on the surface when the work is done, and the top side, the dark green side, up. If the weather becomes very dry, mulch the layers, and water well in the evening. Never water a layer unless there is some kind of mulching to receive and retain the moisture.

In the spring when the layers are to be lifted, cut off the main stock—the one that was buried, an inch or two from the first shoot; then sink a spade about a foot from the row of layers, and deep enough to cut the side roots. Do this on both sides and at the outer end. Then by grasping the shoots in both hands the whole bunch may be raised. Shake off the earth, separate the vines, and they are ready for transplanting.—Kansas Farmer.

The Banana and the Guava.

A slight description of the banana as it is seen growing may be interesting to some who enjoy its delicious substance without knowing what form it presents during the primary stages of its growth. The stem of the plant is not woody, but consists of the footstalks of the former leaves wrapped round each other, and it rises to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. The leaves are very large, of a long, oval form, five or six feet in length and beautifully green in color. The middle rib of the leaf is tough and strong, but the rest of its substance is thin and delicate, and is easily torn by the wind alone, in a direction at right angles with the rib.

The manner in which the fruit is developed is quite interesting. From the midst of the leaves, and at the top, appears a large, smooth, purple cone, hanging down gracefully at the end of a stalk. The flowers are all wrapped up in this cone, which consists of a large number of closely packed spathe. By-and-by the uppermost of these sheaths disengages itself from the rest, curls up, and discloses a row of three or four long blossoms, with the young fruit of each beginning to form.

While this row of fruit is tender, the space remains hanging over like a roof; but when the fruit has acquired some size and strength the protecting shield drops off, and the next in order rises up, with a similar row of young fruit, over which it stands in the same watchful attitude, till it also drops off to be succeeded by another. When one circle of fruit is completed, another is commenced below, and in due time another; while the common stem around which the fruit is disposed grows constantly longer and the cone of spathe diminishes in size, till it is all unfolded, and a monstrous bunch of bananas is finished, which seldom weighs less than twenty or thirty pounds and sometimes as much as seventy or eighty. Of all kinds of vegetable nutriment the banana is perhaps the most productive, and most easily raised.

After a plant has produced its bunch of fruit, the stem is either cut, or is suffered to wither and fall on the spot. In the former case, it is good fodder for cattle; in the latter it forms good manure for the young shoots which have been springing from the root, and which are soon ready to bear fruit in their turn. From these shoots or sprouts the plant is propagated.

Walking from the cane-field to the sugar-house, we passed numerous "guava" trees, the fruit of which is used in making the delicious jelly of that name, for which Cuba is so justly celebrated. The tree is small, looking something like our "cherry" when young, though the leaves of the "guava" are larger and longer than those of the cherry, and more thinly scattered on the tree. It is natural to Cuba, and is of a perennating habit, covering and usurping the ground on which it is permitted to settle. The wood is close grained, heavy, clothed with a smooth, reddish-colored bark. The blossom is white, and resembles a plum or cherry blossom, or more nearly still a large white myrtle. The fruit in its natural state is not so very desirable, though by some it is esteemed. It is nearly round, and when ripe of a brown color, something like a Seckel pear, and tasting much like one over-ripe. It has a tender rind or skin, within which is the pulp of a pink hue, and filled with triangular yellow seeds. The fruit is very fragrant, so much so that by cutting one open, it will scent a large room.

Horticultural Notes.

"Big Bon" does not seem to win many encomiums from strawberry-growers this year.

Harvesting Onions.

In a favorable season, with proper culture and good seed, the onion crop will mature evenly and the time of harvest be indicated by the dropping over of the greater part or all of the tops. As soon as the crop is ready to harvest it is best to pull at once, for the onions will be brighter and keep better than if permitted to remain in the ground after they have attained their growth and the tops have lost their lively green color.

Under adverse circumstances onions sometimes incline to run to scallions and many of the tops refuse to drop down and dry up. A common practice, when this state of affairs exists, is to roll an empty barrel over the bed, to break the tops down a few days previous to pulling the crop.

When the main crop is ripe harvest it and sort out what is unfit for market or table use. Pull the onions by hand or rake them out with an ordinary hand rake. One mode is to throw them into heaps containing two or three bushels, there to remain until the tops are cured and the bulbs are hard and solid. If a rain occurs, these heaps must be opened on a fair day and repiled, so as to rid them of the moisture that would otherwise blacken and injure the onions.

The usual plan is to cart the crop away when the tops have become thoroughly dry and store in some cool, dry place where there is a free circulation of air. There are cultivators, however, who leave the onions in the field after pulling until freezing weather or until they are sold, believing that early housing induces sweating and sprouting.

The tops ought not to be removed until they are dead throughout their entire length. Many farmers delay topping their onions until they are marketed. When the onions are to be kept through the winter it is advised to store the crop

where the frost will not affect it and where no loss will be sustained from heating or growing. The cellar is not a good place unless it chances to be a dry, cool one. A lattice-work bin affords an admirable storage, provided it is raised a little from the floor in some well ventilated building. Onions receive little or no injury from freezing, provided always they are thawed out gradually, but as this cannot be insured the safe plan is to protect them. When freezing weather approaches some farmers spread a layer of straw about twelve inches deep upon the barn or garret floor; on this they place a layer of onions, say five or six inches deep, and cover with a layer of straw about two feet deep, held in place by boards or rails.

If by any chance onions become frozen they should remain undisturbed and covered until thawed.—N. Y. World.

Home Evaporated Fruit.

A lady writer in an exchange says: "In the fall of 1880 I visited a large fruit evaporator near us and saw the lovely cream white berries as they came from the wire cloth frame packed in huge boxes ready to ship. They looked good enough for Victoria's table. I went home having ascertained that the cream colour was the effect of bleaching in the fumes of sulphur, procured a machine that pared, cored, and sliced the apple into a spiral ring at one operation, and then set the baskets filled with the rings in an ordinary packing box over the fumes of sulphur to bleach. The sulphur was thrown on a few live coals in an ash-pail, one teaspoonful at a time, and the box was closed about fifteen minutes. The apples were then spread and dried in the ordinary way, and they retained their beautiful creamy colour when dry. They were then packed in paper bags and put away.

When cooked in the spring they were entirely free from any small or taste of sulphur, and as fresh and pulpy as green apples. No one that has ever tried them recognized them as dried apples. Two or three small sacks were left over until this year, without any further care. On opening this spring of 1882 they were as fresh, apparently, as when first put up. The worms had not molested them. Housekeepers will appreciate this, as much fruit is lost every year from these pests. Those living in the country who are drying sweet corn, apples, berries, etc., will find their fruit much improved and made absolutely worm-proof by a few minutes' bleaching over sulphur fumes."

American Raisins.

The first American raisins offered to the public were raised in a vineyard near Sacramento City. These were sun-dried and a pronounced success. They were made from the fibre Zagos and white Muscat. From that date (1868) to the present experiments have been made in the manufacture of raisins, both in sun-drying and patent dryers. All varieties of grapes have been employed, and the general verdict appears to be that the Muscat of Alexandria is the best sort for raisins. The planting of raisin vineyards is in its infancy in this country. Here and there is a scattering vineyard which yield well and appears to prove that the raisin grape will succeed in many portions of California.

A German Insecticide.

The *Repertoire de Pharmacie* quotes, on the authority of Dr. Nessler, a recipe for an insecticide which is said to have a great reputation among German horticulturists. It consists of soft soap, 4 parts; extract of tobacco, 6 parts; amylic alcohol, 5 parts; methyl alcohol, 30 parts; water to make 1,000 parts. The extract of tobacco is made by boiling together equal parts of roll tobacco and water for half an hour, adding water for what is evaporated. The soft soap is first dissolved in the water with the aid of a gentle heat, and the other ingredients are then added. The mixture requires to be well stirred before it is used, and is applied by means of a brush or a garden syringe fitted with a small rose.

Horticultural Notes.

"Big Bon" does not seem to win many encomiums from strawberry-growers this year.

Harvesting Onions.

In a favorable season, with proper culture and good seed, the onion crop will mature evenly and the time of harvest be indicated by the dropping over of the greater part or all of the tops. As soon as the crop is ready to harvest it is best to pull at once, for the onions will be brighter and keep better than if permitted to remain in the ground after they have attained their growth and the tops have lost their lively green color.

Under adverse circumstances onions sometimes incline to run to scallions and many of the tops refuse to drop down and dry up. A common practice, when this state of affairs exists, is to roll an empty barrel over the bed, to break the tops down a few days previous to pulling the crop.

When the main crop is ripe harvest it and sort out what is unfit for market or table use. Pull the onions by hand or rake them out with an ordinary hand rake. One mode is to throw them into heaps containing two or three bushels, there to remain until the tops are cured and the bulbs are hard and solid. If a rain occurs, these heaps must be opened on a fair day and repiled, so as to rid them of the moisture that would otherwise blacken and injure the onions.

The usual plan is to cart the crop away when the tops have become thoroughly dry and store in some cool, dry place where there is a free circulation of air. There are cultivators, however, who leave the onions in the field after pulling until freezing weather or until they are sold, believing that early housing induces sweating and sprouting.

The tops ought not to be removed until they are dead throughout their entire length. Many farmers delay topping their onions until they are marketed. When the onions are to be kept through the winter it is advised to store the crop

where the frost will not affect it and where no loss will be sustained from heating or growing. The cellar is not a good place unless it chances to be a dry, cool one. A lattice-work bin affords an admirable storage, provided it is raised a little from the floor in some well ventilated building. Onions receive little or no injury from freezing, provided always they are thawed out gradually, but as this cannot be insured the safe plan is to protect them. When freezing weather approaches some farmers spread a layer of straw about twelve inches deep upon the barn or garret floor; on this they place a layer of onions, say five or six inches deep, and cover with a layer of straw about two feet deep, held in place by boards or rails.

If by any chance onions become frozen they should remain undisturbed and covered until thawed.—N. Y. World.

Home Evaporated Fruit.

A lady writer in an exchange says: "In the fall of 1880 I visited a large fruit evaporator near us and saw the lovely cream white berries as they came from the wire cloth frame packed in huge boxes ready to ship. They looked good enough for Victoria's table. I went home having ascertained that the cream colour was the effect of bleaching in the fumes of sulphur, procured a machine that pared, cored, and sliced the apple into a spiral ring at one operation, and then set the baskets filled with the rings in an ordinary packing box over the fumes of sulphur to bleach. The sulphur was thrown on a few live coals in an ash-pail, one teaspoonful at a time, and the box was closed about fifteen minutes. The apples were then spread and dried in the ordinary way, and they retained their beautiful creamy colour when dry. They were then packed in paper bags and put away.

When cooked in the spring they were entirely free from any small or taste of sulphur, and as fresh and pulpy as green apples. No one that has ever tried them recognized them as dried apples. Two or three small sacks were left over until this year, without any further care. On opening this spring of 1882 they were as fresh, apparently, as when first put up. The worms had not molested them. Housekeepers will appreciate this, as much fruit is lost every year from these pests. Those living in the country who are drying sweet corn, apples, berries, etc., will find their fruit much improved and made absolutely worm-proof by a few minutes' bleaching over sulphur fumes."

American Raisins.

The first American raisins offered to the public were raised in a vineyard near Sacramento City. These were sun-dried and a pronounced success. They were made from the fibre Zagos and white Muscat. From that date (1868) to the present experiments have been made in the manufacture of raisins, both in sun-drying and patent dryers. All varieties of grapes have been employed, and the general verdict appears to be that the Muscat of Alexandria is the best sort for raisins. The planting of raisin vineyards is in its infancy in this country. Here and there is a scattering vineyard which yield well and appears to prove that the raisin grape will succeed in many portions of California.

A German Insecticide.

The *Repertoire de Pharmacie* quotes, on the authority of Dr. Nessler, a recipe for an insecticide which is said to have a great reputation among German horticulturists. It consists of soft soap, 4 parts; extract of tobacco, 6 parts; amylic alcohol, 5 parts; methyl alcohol, 30 parts; water to make 1,000 parts. The extract of tobacco is made by boiling together equal parts of roll tobacco and water for half an hour, adding water for what is evaporated. The soft soap is first dissolved in the water with the aid of a gentle heat, and the other ingredients are then added. The mixture requires to be well stirred before it is used, and is applied by means of a brush or a garden syringe fitted with a small rose.

Horticultural Notes.

"Big Bon" does not seem to win many encomiums from strawberry-growers this year.

Harvesting Onions.

In a favorable season, with proper culture and good seed, the onion crop will mature evenly and the time of harvest be indicated by the dropping over of the greater part or all of the tops. As soon as the crop is ready to harvest it is best to pull at once, for the onions will be brighter and keep better than if permitted to remain in the ground after they have attained their growth and the tops have lost their lively green color.

Under adverse circumstances onions sometimes incline to run to scallions and many of the tops refuse to drop down and dry up. A common practice, when this state of affairs exists, is to roll an empty barrel over the bed, to break the tops down a few days previous to pulling the crop.

When the main crop is ripe harvest it and sort out what is unfit for market or table use. Pull the onions by hand or rake them out with an ordinary hand rake. One mode is to throw them into heaps containing two or three bushels, there to remain until the tops are cured and the bulbs are hard and solid. If a rain occurs, these heaps must be opened on a fair day and repiled, so as to rid them of the moisture that would otherwise blacken and injure the onions.

The usual plan is to cart the crop away when the tops have become thoroughly dry and store in some cool, dry place where there is a free circulation of air. There are cultivators, however, who leave the onions in the field after pulling until freezing weather or until they are sold, believing that early housing induces sweating and sprouting.

The tops ought not to be removed until they are dead throughout their entire length. Many farmers delay topping their onions until they are marketed. When the onions are to be kept through the winter it is advised to store the crop

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BOREL AND COURVOISIER WATCHES



were awarded the gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1878 for greatest accuracy of performance, also first prize in London Exposition at Philadelphia, 1876. These watches have stood the test for the past 22 years, and are pronounced by best judges equal to any made. They are manufactured of the best material, made with improved machinery and finished by skilled hands. The price of their celebrated watches is further reduced by insuring an accurate time-keeper beyond peradventure. The price of their watches is further reduced by insuring an accurate time-keeper beyond peradventure. The price of their watches is further reduced by insuring an accurate time-keeper beyond peradventure.

QUINCE & KROGER, Sole Agents for the United States, 17 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

Rheumatic Syrup.

The Greatest Blood Purifier Known!

RHEUMATISM CURED. SCROFULA CURED. NEURALGIA CURED.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Apr. 6th, '83. RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.

I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism for six years, and hearing of the success of Rheumatic Syrup I concluded to give it a trial in my own case, and I cheerfully say that I have been greatly benefited by its use. I can walk with entire freedom from pain, and my general health is very much improved. It is a decided change; in a few weeks there was a help, and has done her household errands, and walks every day a distance of a mile and a half.

Respectfully yours, MRS. GEO. CORRY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WOMEN'S PHOSPHOR.

IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY For all Complaints peculiar to WOMEN.

HUSBANDS OF WIVES Mothers of Sickly Daughters SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT.

Information and Testimonials FURNISHED BY PAMPHLET ON "Diseases of Women & Children" Sent gratis. Every woman, especially Mothers, should read it. Address: J. C. PENNELL, M. D., 176 Walnut Street, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Samaritan Nerve.

NEVER FAILS. THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Cures also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Cures Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured. Eliminates Bile, Catarrhes and Scalds. Cures Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and beautiful Aperient. Cures Sciatica and King's Evil, twin brothers. Cures general weakness greatly improved. Cures Chronic Rheumatism and Rheumatic Gout. Cures Nervous Headache like the wind. Cures Nervous Stomach and indigestion. Cures Nervous Sleeplessness and nervousness. Cures Nervous Debility and nervousness. Cures Nervous Irritability and nervousness. Cures Nervous Sensitiveness and nervousness. Cures Nervous Tremor and nervousness. Cures Nervous Tics and nervousness. Cures Nervous Convulsions and nervousness. Cures Nervous Epilepsy and nervousness. Cures Nervous Hysteria and nervousness. Cures Nervous Mania and nervousness. Cures Nervous Melancholia and nervousness. Cures Nervous Depression and nervousness. Cures Nervous Exhaustion and nervousness. Cures Nervous Prostration and nervousness. Cures Nervous Collapse and nervousness. Cures Nervous Death and nervousness.

For testimonials and directions send stamp. The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Props., 1210 Broadway, N. Y.

Samaritan Nerve.

NEVER FAILS. THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Cures also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Cures Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured. Eliminates Bile, Catarrhes and Scalds. Cures Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and beautiful Aperient. Cures Sciatica and King's Evil, twin brothers. Cures general weakness greatly improved. Cures Chronic Rheumatism and Rheumatic Gout. Cures Nervous Headache like the wind. Cures Nervous Stomach and indigestion. Cures Nervous Sleeplessness and nervousness. Cures Nervous Debility and nervousness. Cures Nervous Irritability and nervousness. Cures Nervous Sensitiveness and nervousness. Cures Nervous Tremor and nervousness. Cures Nervous Tics and nervousness. Cures Nervous Convulsions and nervousness. Cures Nervous Epilepsy and nervousness. Cures Nervous Hysteria and nervousness. Cures Nervous Mania and nervousness. Cures Nervous Melancholia and nervousness. Cures Nervous Depression and nervousness. Cures Nervous Exhaustion and nervousness. Cures Nervous Prostration and nervousness. Cures Nervous Collapse and nervousness. Cures Nervous Death and nervousness.

For testimonials and directions send stamp. The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Props., 1210 Broadway, N. Y.

Samaritan Nerve.

NEVER FAILS. THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Cures also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Cures Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured. Eliminates Bile, Catarrhes and Scalds. Cures Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and beautiful Aperient. Cures Sciatica and King's Evil, twin brothers. Cures general weakness greatly improved. Cures Chronic Rheumatism and Rheumatic Gout. Cures Nervous Headache like the wind. Cures Nervous Stomach and indigestion. Cures Nervous Sleeplessness and nervousness. Cures Nervous Debility and nervousness. Cures Nervous Irritability and nervousness. Cures Nervous Sensitiveness and nervousness. Cures Nervous Tremor and nervousness. Cures Nervous Tics and nervousness. Cures Nervous Convulsions and nervousness. Cures Nervous Epilepsy and nervousness. Cures Nervous Hysteria and nervousness. Cures Nervous Mania and nervousness. Cures Nervous Melancholia and nervousness. Cures Nervous Depression and nervousness. Cures Nervous Exhaustion and nervousness. Cures Nervous Prostration and nervousness. Cures Nervous Collapse and nervousness. Cures Nervous Death and nervousness.

For testimonials and directions send stamp. The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Props., 1210 Broadway, N. Y.

Samaritan Nerve.

NEVER FAILS. THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Cures also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Cures Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured. Eliminates Bile, Catarrhes and Scalds. Cures Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and beautiful Aperient. Cures Sciatica and King's Evil, twin

The St. Louis Agricultural Society has lately been organized at St. Louis, Gratiot County, with D. R. Sullivan as president, Aaron Wells as treasurer, and J. O. Hilt as secretary. The association will hold its annual fair on the grounds of the St. Louis Driving Park, Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28.

The Saginaw Courier says that the firm of McArthur Bros., of East Saginaw, purchased an old farmer of Northfield 100 black walnut trees, all grown on 130 acres of ground, paying \$50 for each tree, or \$5,000 for the lot. They will scale a total of 100 cubic feet, and are to be shipped to Europe via Quebec.

The annual reunion of the soldiers and sailors of Southwestern Michigan is to be held at St. Joseph, August 23 to 24. The camp is to be pitched on the bluff overlooking Lake Michigan, nearly 100 feet above the lake, and soldiers are invited to bring their blankets, appetites and reminiscences. The association will furnish quarters and rations.

The publishers of the Labor Advocate at Muskegon, have been arrested and taken to jail for charging S. W. Fowler with swindling the poor. Fowler wants \$10,000 to enable him to bear up under the charge. It is singular that while men are frequently willing to swindle others they always object to having the matter published.

General.
Senator Edmunds favors a postal telegraph system.

Chicago vessel owners have advanced grain freight.

Wisconsin will build a \$100,000 insane asylum at Lake Geneva.

The nail mills, which have been idle for some time, have all started up again.

Business failures the past week numbered 182, an increase over the previous week.

Reports from the Indian Territory says the Creek difficulties have been all amicably settled.

It is claimed for the Ohio Scott law that it has already closed out more than 1,000 sailors.

During the past eight months \$5,000,000 worth of war material has been shipped from San Francisco to China.

The Government inspector believes the successor of Gambetta as the leader of the French Republic will be a large number of years old.

The Car of Russia recently issued a decree granting liberty of conscience to dissenters, but it is so worded as to only affect about a million of the fourteen millions in the empire.

Bismarck says the Count de Paris will be the successor of Gambetta as the leader of the French Republic.

The salvation army persisted in blocking up the streets in Syracuse, N. Y., a number of the members have been arrested.

The attorney general of Ohio decides that social clubs where liquors are dispensed must pay the \$200 license under the Scott law.

A remarkable cave has been discovered in Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Among its wonders are a large lake and a waterfall 150 feet high.

The first bale of new cotton was received at Liverpool, La., on Tuesday last, and sold at 14 cents. Alabama's first new cotton sold at 13 to 14 cents per lb.

The receipts of the Brooklyn bridge have dropped to \$200 a day. The cost of maintaining it, including interest and taxes for sinking fund, is \$1,394,955 a year.

Patrolmen have been discovered at Rich Hill, Mo., and the people are all wild. Big game are being recovered for alleged oil territory by land owners in the vicinity.

Five Chinamen who stabbed a fellow countryman at Peterson, N. J., for reducing laundry rates, have been committed to State prison and had their queues cut off.

The Northern Pacific railroad will be connected about 60 miles west of Helena, M. T., August 25, but the formal opening will not take place until September 8.

Union and confederate survivors of the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., had a reunion on the battlefield last week. There was a large attendance and general good feeling.

A drover from Sarnia, opposite Port Huron, visited Toronto with a lot of cattle last week, and was dragged and robbed of \$1,000 which he had received for them. No arrests.

The firm of T. Shaw & Bros., the leather men who recently failed, have commenced suits against two sheriffs in Maine for attaching their property and damaging their business.

The returns of the census taken January 1, 1883, and just now published, show that the empire of Japan has a population of 36,700,000, a gain of nearly 4,000,000 in the last eight years.

Senator Butler of South Carolina, in a speech, said he "would welcome 200,000 Germans to that State," and a plug operator reported him as saying "200,000 Germans to that State, but he can't help himself."

Copeland & Co., the suspended Boston shoe firm, have liabilities of \$2,101,800, and their assets are \$1,063,700. Of the latter over \$800,000 represents indebtedness of the suspended firm of Shaw Bros., tanners of Portland, Me.

Mrs. Mary Lynch, who has just died at Scranton, Pa., aged 110, was probably the oldest person in the United States, of whose age there is an exact record. She was married in 1800, and was the mother of eight children.

It is expected by President Villard, of the Northern Pacific railroad, that the last spike will be driven about August 20. Wm. E. Evans will deliver an address, and President Arthur and party are expected to be in attendance.

articles used in the manufacture of lager. A failure to comply will be followed by a visit from revenue agents. We will probably learn how, with half a crop of hops, the brewers furnished more beer than ever before, and had hops left over.

United States officials are investigating opium smuggling at San Francisco, and a number of parties have been brought to trial. They say that the business has been carried on extensively and systematically by collusion between a ring of smugglers and government officials, the latter receiving 20 per cent, and the former 70 per cent of the profits. No less than \$6,000,000 worth of opium has been smuggled into that port during the last ten years.

Charles Ford, one of the Ford Brothers who were arrested in St. Joseph, Mo., for being one of the parties who robbed a railway train at Blue Cut, Kansas. He asserts that he was only taking part in the robbery as a detective, and that Gov. Crittenden of Missouri, was aware of what he was doing. Also that he afterwards refunded to the owners his share of the proceeds of the robbery. Gov. Crittenden says this is not true, as he knew nothing of the Ford until after that robbery. Ford is out under \$5,000 bail.

Foreign.
The cholera is abating throughout Egypt. Reported deaths from cholera in Egypt to date, 16,348.

The West Indies sugar crop is reported short 50 per cent.

The London Times estimates the English wheat and barley crop as below the average.

The trial of the dynamite at Liverpool ended in a verdict of guilty, and the conspirators have been sentenced to penal service for life.

The British Government has appropriated an additional £100,000 to aid Irish emigration, in other words, to clear the work houses of paupers.

A collision between the populace and some troops took place at a small town in Russia last week, in which one hundred people were killed and a large number injured.

The Car of Russia recently issued a decree granting liberty of conscience to dissenters, but it is so worded as to only affect about a million of the fourteen millions in the empire.

Bismarck says the Count de Paris will be the successor of Gambetta as the leader of the French Republic.

The salvation army persisted in blocking up the streets in Syracuse, N. Y., a number of the members have been arrested.

The attorney general of Ohio decides that social clubs where liquors are dispensed must pay the \$200 license under the Scott law.

A remarkable cave has been discovered in Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Among its wonders are a large lake and a waterfall 150 feet high.

The first bale of new cotton was received at Liverpool, La., on Tuesday last, and sold at 14 cents. Alabama's first new cotton sold at 13 to 14 cents per lb.

The receipts of the Brooklyn bridge have dropped to \$200 a day. The cost of maintaining it, including interest and taxes for sinking fund, is \$1,394,955 a year.

Patrolmen have been discovered at Rich Hill, Mo., and the people are all wild. Big game are being recovered for alleged oil territory by land owners in the vicinity.

Five Chinamen who stabbed a fellow countryman at Peterson, N. J., for reducing laundry rates, have been committed to State prison and had their queues cut off.

The Northern Pacific railroad will be connected about 60 miles west of Helena, M. T., August 25, but the formal opening will not take place until September 8.

Union and confederate survivors of the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., had a reunion on the battlefield last week. There was a large attendance and general good feeling.

A drover from Sarnia, opposite Port Huron, visited Toronto with a lot of cattle last week, and was dragged and robbed of \$1,000 which he had received for them. No arrests.

The firm of T. Shaw & Bros., the leather men who recently failed, have commenced suits against two sheriffs in Maine for attaching their property and damaging their business.

The returns of the census taken January 1, 1883, and just now published, show that the empire of Japan has a population of 36,700,000, a gain of nearly 4,000,000 in the last eight years.

Senator Butler of South Carolina, in a speech, said he "would welcome 200,000 Germans to that State," and a plug operator reported him as saying "200,000 Germans to that State, but he can't help himself."

Copeland & Co., the suspended Boston shoe firm, have liabilities of \$2,101,800, and their assets are \$1,063,700. Of the latter over \$800,000 represents indebtedness of the suspended firm of Shaw Bros., tanners of Portland, Me.

Mrs. Mary Lynch, who has just died at Scranton, Pa., aged 110, was probably the oldest person in the United States, of whose age there is an exact record. She was married in 1800, and was the mother of eight children.

It is expected by President Villard, of the Northern Pacific railroad, that the last spike will be driven about August 20. Wm. E. Evans will deliver an address, and President Arthur and party are expected to be in attendance.

Allen P. Morris is the first confederate soldier to have passed a pension. He had both eyes and is out at the battle of Stone River, and draws \$10 a month as a pension, making a law allowing that amount to disabled ex-confederates.

A large vein of rich silver ore has been struck 20 feet down while well-digging five miles northwest of Yates Center, Kansas. Several shafts are being sunk, and claims are being sold at \$700 to \$2,000 each. All the tools are at hand.

The total production of silk goods in the world is about \$200,000,000 annually. Of this China and Japan produce \$80,000,000 yearly; France, \$20,000,000; Germany, \$45,000,000; the United States, \$35,000,000, and Great Britain \$25,000,000.

A band of Apaches are again on the war-path, and are known to have murdered five Mexicans and stolen a large amount of stock. It is about time those fellows were "settled" on a reservation where they would stay, and it should not be a very large one either.

Cadet Hartigan has been bounced from West Point for hazing, and now he is waiting for a reinstatement. Secretary Lincoln says he is out and will be out, and any other who persists in keeping up this kind of a barbarous practice will be summarily dismissed also.

Iowa was visited by a terrible hail storm last week, which caused great damage. The path of the storm was from two to four miles wide, and hail fell in some places to the depth of six inches. In some places, blocking trains on the Rock Island and Milwaukee railroads. The damage to crops was immense.

It is mentioned as an unprecedented event in the history of banking that in the Michigan fallure, with its nearly \$8,000,000 liabilities, the business was satisfactorily wound up within a month, and without the employment of a single lawyer, if there had been a single lawyer it would have taken two years.

Adjutant General Drum of the U. S. Army, has addressed a communication to the adjutant general of the various States with a view to ascertaining how long it would take to put in an armed and equipped force of 500,000 men in the field, probably with the idea of ascertaining upon what the government could depend in case of an emergency.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE AND DISTRICT FAIRS.				
NAME OF SOCIETY.	HELD AT.	DATE.	SECRETARY.	POST OFFICE.
MICH. STATE AG. SOCIETY	DETROIT	SEPT. 17 to 21	J. C. STERLING	MONROE
Mich. State Horticultural Society	DETROIT	September 17 to 21	Chas. W. Garfield	Grand Rapids
Tri-State Fair Association	Columbus	September 10 to 13	J. H. Chamberlain	Toledo
Indiana State Ag. Soc.	Indianapolis	September 24 to 28	Alex. Heron	Indianapolis
North Eastern Ind. Fair Assoc.	Indianapolis	October 1 to 5	John Farley	Indianapolis
Arkansas State Ag. Soc.	Little Rock	October 16 to 20	C. C. Dean	Little Rock
Capital State Fair Association	Anstine, Texas	October 16 to 20	E. C. Bartholomew	Anstine
Nebraska State Ag. Soc.	Nebraska	September 10 to 14	D. H. Harrison	Nebraska
Illinois State Ag. Soc.	Illinois	September 24 to 28	S. D. Fisher	Illinois
Iowa State Ag. Soc.	Iowa	August 31 to Sept. 7	J. R. Shaffer	Iowa
South Carolina State Ag. Soc.	Columbia	November 13 to 16	Thos. W. Holloway	Pomaria
Montana State Ag. Soc.	Helena	September 3 to 8	F. C. Pope	Helena
Nebraska State Ag. Soc.	Nebraska	September 10 to 14	D. H. Harrison	Nebraska
Ontario Ag. Soc.	Ontario	September 11 to 15	Henry Ward	Ontario
Western National Fair Assoc.	Port la Prairie, Wis.	October 1 to 5	Acton Adams	Winnipeg
St. Louis Fair Association	St. Louis, Mo.	October 1 to 6	F. J. Wade	St. Louis
Western National Fair Assoc.	Lawrence, Kan.	September 3 to 8	J. E. Morse	Lawrence
Southern Exposition	Louisville, Ky.	Aug. 1 to Nov. 10	J. M. Wright	Louisville
Stenben County Ag. Soc.	Angola, Ind.	October 9 to 12	J. B. Watson	Angola
Carbondale Fair Association	Carbondale, Ill.	October 8 to 12	S. T. Brush	Carbondale

MICHIGAN DISTRICT AND COUNTY FAIRS.

NAME OF SOCIETY.	HELD AT.	DATE.	SECRETARY.	POST OFFICE.
Northern Michigan Ag. Soc.	Greenlee	October 9 to 13	C. C. Merritt	Greenlee
Eastern Michigan Ag. Soc.	Ypsilanti	September 25 to 28	Frank Joslyn	Ypsilanti
Western Michigan Ag. Soc.	Grand Rapids	September 25 to 28	James Cox	Grand Rapids
North Eastern Mich. Soc.	East Saginaw	October 1 to 5	B. B. Baker	Lansing
Armada Agricultural Society	Armada	September 25 to 28	W. J. Edwards	Niles
Branch County Ag. Soc.	Coldwater	September 25 to 28	D. W. Flak	Coldwater
Brookline Union Ag. Soc.	Brookline	September 25 to 28	C. L. Glover	Cassopolis
Calhoun County Ag. Soc.	Marshall	September 25 to 28	C. S. Hamilton	Marshall
Grand Traverse County Ag. Soc.	Easton	October 9 to 13	A. Osborn	Easton
Hillsdale County Ag. Soc.	Hillsdale	October 9 to 13	H. H. Hick	Ypsilanti
Ingham County Ag. Soc.	Mason	September 25 to 28	D. P. Whitmore	Mason
Ionia County Ag. Soc.	Ionia	October 9 to 13	E. J. Vocher	Ionia
Lapeer County Ag. Soc.	Adrian	September 25 to 28	S. B. Mann	Adrian
Livingston County Ag. Soc.	Clatsop	September 25 to 28	T. J. Shumaker	Clatsop
Manistowick County Ag. Soc.	Bear Lake	September 25 to 28	G. K. Estes	Bear Lake
Oakland County Ag. Soc.	Hart	October 9 to 13	C. A. Gurney	Hart
Oscoda County Ag. Soc.	Evart	October 9 to 13	J. T. Minchin	Evart
Plainwell Union Ag. Soc.	Plainwell	October 9 to 13	Wm. Cox	Plainwell
Shiawassee County Ag. Soc.	Owosso	September 25 to 28	A. L. Williams	Owosso
St. Joseph County Ag. Soc.	Centerville	October 9 to 13	S. Samuel Cross	Centerville
Union Agricultural Society	Litchfield	October 9 to 13	L. B. Agard	Litchfield
Washtenaw County Ag. Soc.	Ann Arbor	October 9 to 13	H. Goodrich	Ann Arbor

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE AND DISTRICT FAIRS.				
NAME OF SOCIETY.	HELD AT.	DATE.	SECRETARY.	POST OFFICE.
MICH. STATE AG. SOCIETY	DETROIT	SEPT. 17 to 21	J. C. STERLING	MONROE
Mich. State Horticultural Society	DETROIT	September 17 to 21	Chas. W. Garfield	Grand Rapids
Tri-State Fair Association	Columbus	September 10 to 13	J. H. Chamberlain	Toledo
Indiana State Ag. Soc.	Indianapolis	September 24 to 28	Alex. Heron	Indianapolis
North Eastern Ind. Fair Assoc.	Indianapolis	October 1 to 5	John Farley	Indianapolis
Arkansas State Ag. Soc.	Little Rock	October 16 to 20	C. C. Dean	Little Rock
Capital State Fair Association	Anstine, Texas	October 16 to 20	E. C. Bartholomew	Anstine
Nebraska State Ag. Soc.	Nebraska	September 10 to 14	D. H. Harrison	Nebraska
Illinois State Ag. Soc.	Illinois	September 24 to 28	S. D. Fisher	Illinois
Iowa State Ag. Soc.	Iowa	August 31 to Sept. 7	J. R. Shaffer	Iowa
South Carolina State Ag. Soc.	Columbia	November 13 to 16	Thos. W. Holloway	Pomaria
Montana State Ag. Soc.	Helena	September 3 to 8	F. C. Pope	Helena
Nebraska State Ag. Soc.	Nebraska	September 10 to 14	D. H. Harrison	Nebraska
Ontario Ag. Soc.	Ontario	September 11 to 15	Henry Ward	Ontario
Western National Fair Assoc.	Port la Prairie, Wis.	October 1 to 5	Acton Adams	Winnipeg
St. Louis Fair Association	St. Louis, Mo.	October 1 to 6	F. J. Wade	St. Louis
Western National Fair Assoc.	Lawrence, Kan.	September 3 to 8	J. E. Morse	Lawrence
Southern Exposition	Louisville, Ky.	Aug. 1 to Nov. 10	J. M. Wright	Louisville
Stenben County Ag. Soc.	Angola, Ind.	October 9 to 12	J. B. Watson	Angola
Carbondale Fair Association	Carbondale, Ill.	October 8 to 12	S. T. Brush	Carbondale

MICHIGAN DISTRICT AND COUNTY FAIRS.

NAME OF SOCIETY.	HELD AT.	DATE.	SECRETARY.	POST OFFICE.
Northern Michigan Ag. Soc.	Greenlee	October 9 to 13	C. C. Merritt	Greenlee
Eastern Michigan Ag. Soc.	Ypsilanti	September 25 to 28	Frank Joslyn	Ypsilanti
Western Michigan Ag. Soc.	Grand Rapids	September 25 to 28	James Cox	Grand Rapids
North Eastern Mich. Soc.	East Saginaw	October 1 to 5	B. B. Baker	Lansing
Armada Agricultural Society	Armada	September 25 to 28	W. J. Edwards	Niles
Branch County Ag. Soc.	Coldwater	September 25 to 28	D. W. Flak	Coldwater
Brookline Union Ag. Soc.	Brookline	September 25 to 28	C. L. Glover	Cassopolis
Calhoun County Ag. Soc.	Marshall	September 25 to 28	C. S. Hamilton	Marshall
Grand Traverse County Ag. Soc.	Easton	October 9 to 13	A. Osborn	Easton
Hillsdale County Ag. Soc.	Hillsdale	October 9 to 13	H. H. Hick	Ypsilanti
Ingham County Ag. Soc.	Mason	September 25 to 28	D. P. Whitmore	Mason
Ionia County Ag. Soc.	Ionia	October 9 to 13	E. J. Vocher	Ionia
Lapeer County Ag. Soc.	Adrian	September 25 to 28	S. B. Mann	Adrian
Livingston County Ag. Soc.	Clatsop	September 25 to 28	T. J. Shumaker	Clatsop
Manistowick County Ag. Soc.	Bear Lake	September 25 to 28	G. K. Estes	Bear Lake
Oakland County Ag. Soc.	Hart	October 9 to 13	C. A. Gurney	Hart
Oscoda County Ag. Soc.	Evart	October 9 to 13	J. T. Minchin	Evart
Plainwell Union Ag. Soc.	Plainwell	October 9 to 13	Wm. Cox	Plainwell
Shiawassee County Ag. Soc.	Owosso	September 25 to 28	A. L. Williams	Owosso
St. Joseph County Ag. Soc.	Centerville	October 9 to 13	S. Samuel Cross	Centerville
Union Agricultural Society	Litchfield	October 9 to 13	L. B. Agard	Litchfield
Washtenaw County Ag. Soc.	Ann Arbor	October 9 to 13	H. Goodrich	Ann Arbor

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JERSEYS!
RIVERSIDE PARK FARM,
situated near Kalamazoo, a village on the Mackinac Division of the M. C. R. R., four miles north of Bay City, Mich.

This choice herd of Jersey cattle, numbering nearly forty, is headed by the young bull Farmer's Son 6207, First Prize at Michigan State Fair in 1882. His sire, the justly celebrated Jersey Bull, is imported into this country.

Orders are now taken for some of the best animals for sale. Visitors welcome. Address
J. A. MURDER, Detroit, or J. F. ALDRIDGE, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MOST EXTENSIVE PURE BRED LIVE-STOCK ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

GLYSDALE HORSES, PERCHERON-NORMAN HORSES, TROTTER-BRED HORSES, HOLSTEIN AND DEVON CATTLE.

Our customers have the advantage of our many years' experience in breeding and importing large quantities of pure bred stock. We have a large stock of horses, cattle and sheep, and are prepared to supply the trade at low prices because of extent of business and large scale of transportation. Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited. Mention Michigan Farmer.

POWELL BROS.,
Springboro, Crawford Co., Penn.

SPRINGDALE HERDS.
TURNER & HUDSON
LANSING, MICHIGAN.

Berkshire, Suffolk & Poland-China Swine

Largest and most complete herds of these breeds, and best bred in Michigan. Neither pains nor expense have been spared in getting these choice herds together. We warrant satisfaction to all who may favor us with orders.

All Breeding Stock Registered.

Highlander Hambletonian
will stand at my barn in the township of Bruce, Macomb County, during the season of 1883, Terms \$15 to insure. He is a large horse, stands 19 1/2 hands high, fine looking, good disposition, is a blood bay in color, with small star forehead, two white hind feet and black points. He is highly bred. For particulars address
ROBERT MILLIKEN, Almont, Mich.

SHORTHORN BULL FOR SALE.
The bull Highland Archduke 4th got by Margueta of Oxford 3884, out of Duchess of Cambridge by 2nd Duke of Alford 16985. He was calved November 10, 1880, bred by Wm. J. Murphy, and one of the best bulls in the country. He is all fine animals. Will be sold very reasonable price. Cannot be seen but by order with order myself.
WM. CONLEY, Marshall, Mich.

FOR SALE.
A JERSEY BULL CALF, Katharine's York No. 8889, dropped April 4th, 1883; sire, Spring's York No. 8846, bred by Richard Goodwin, Jr., Lenox, Mass.; dam, Katharine No. 12388, bred by Hon. Frederick B. Smith, Woodstock, Vt. Both strains noted butter stock. Price, \$75.00, Michigan Times Printing Co., Owosso, Mich.

FOR SALE.
To the breeders of Merino Sheep: I have 19 very fine Rams for sale, sired by J. C. & A. Wood's ram Sheldon. All registered in Vermont and Michigan Registers. Correspondence solicited.
JAS. W. DEY, Devilsburg, Mich.

STOCK AUCTIONEER.
FRANCIS GRAHAM,
Thoroughbred Stock and general auctioneer. Office 38 Griswold Street, Detroit, Mich. Sales conducted throughout the State. Beautiful location, pedigree and breeding.

FOR SALE.
Owing to the death of the late Andrew H. Coffer, all his real and personal property is offered for sale very low to close up the estate. It consists of a very fine stock and grain farm of 340 acres, with a large barn, and a large tract of 60 acres in Spring Arbor, Mich. Two stallions, Joe Barker and Mambrino Waxy, and several very fine colts of Black and Bay color, and other good horses; besides some very fine cattle and sheep. The farms will be sold on long time with a small cash payment if desired. For further particulars apply to
MRS. A. H. CUTTER, Parma, Mich. or C. BLOOMFIELD, Jackson, Mich.

6,000 Acres of Land FOR SALE.
Offer for sale 6,000 Acres of Land, situated in the townships of MAYFIELD and ARADIA, Lenox Co., Mich., with a large tract of 60 acres in Spring Arbor, Mich. Two stallions, Joe Barker and Mambrino Waxy, and several very fine colts of Black and Bay color, and other good horses; besides some very fine cattle and sheep. The farms will be sold on long time with a small cash payment if desired. For further particulars apply to
MRS. A. H. CUTTER, Parma, Mich. or C. BLOOMFIELD, Jackson, Mich.

FOR SALE.
The Elder Slide Door Hanger Co., Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers Address all orders to
B. J. FLUMMERFELT, M'gr., Romeo, Mich.

FOR SALE.
It does away with the iron track, and is the only hanger that Cannot be Thrown Off the Track.

Thereby obviating the great difficulty that has heretofore existed with all other hangers, in that they are stronger and less liable to break, run easily and will not get out of order.

The Elder Slide Door Hanger Co., Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers Address all orders to
B. J. FLUMMERFELT, M'gr., Romeo, Mich.

MAILED FREE.
Our Annual Illustrated Catalogue of SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS & FLOWERS SUPPLIES
FLEMING SEED CO., 211 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

SCOTCH PLOWS. Huntingdon pattern. Steel and Cast. The favorite with Canadian and old country farmers. Made by RIVERS PLOW CO., Three Rivers, Mich.

FOR SALE.
A choice lot of American Merino bucks, Poland China swine bred from some of the best families in Ohio and Michigan. All stock guaranteed. Correspondence solicited. All stock guaranteed.
L. K. BEECHER, Box 450, Howards, Mich.

FOR SALE.
A choice lot of American Merino bucks, Poland China swine bred from some of the best families in Ohio and Michigan. All stock guaranteed. Correspondence solicited. All stock guaranteed.
L. K. BEECHER, Box 4

Poetry.

I WONDER WHY.

"I wonder why this world's good things
Should fall in such unequal shares;
Why some should taste of all the joys,
And others only feel the cares?
I wonder why the sunshine bright
Should fall in paths some people tread,
While others shiver in the shade
Of clouds that gather overhead?
I wonder why the trees that hang
So full of luscious fruit should grow
Only where some may reach and eat,
While others faint and thirst go?
Why should sweet flowers bloom for some,
For others only thorns be found?
And some grow rich on fruitful earth,
While others till but barren ground?
I wonder why the hearts of some
O'erflow with joy and happiness,
While others go their lonely way
Unblest with aught of tenderness?
I wonder why the eyes of some
Should never be moistened with a tear,
While others weep from morn till night,
Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here!
Ah! well; we may not know indeed
The why, the wherefore of each life;
But this we know—there's One who sees
And watches us through joy or strife.
Each life its mission here fulfills,
And only He may know the end,
And loving Him, we may be strong,
Though storm or sunshine He may send."

MIDSUMMER.

Hail me sweet odors on the air,
And wheel me up my Indian chair,
And place me where the sunbeams play,
And where the flowers bloom so gay.
Flat out before my sleepy eyes,
Who knows it not—this dead recall
Of weary fibres stretched with toil;
The pulse that stutters faint and low
When summer's breezes blow?
O Nature! bare thy loving breast,
And give thy child one hour of rest—
One little hour to the sunbeams
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green.
So curtained by a singing leaf,
The murmuring voice shall blend with mine,
Till, lost in dreams, my frowning brow
Is sweeter music dies away."
—O. W. Holmes.

LIFE.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein a traveler stands—
One absent long from home and nation
In other lands.
And as he who stands and listens,
And the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home!"
—Longfellow.

Miscellaneous.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, doctor, what's the verdict? Am I condemned to death, or are you going to reprieve me?"
"I think I can reprieve you. But I can't promise to do more."
"I never expected it. I know my state quite as well as you—I haven't a year's life in me. Now, don't begin to talk the usual rubbish; you ought to know me well enough by this time. Can you give me six months?"
"Not in England."
"Where?"
"Somewhere in the South—say, Nice. Cannes. Nice by preference."
"All right; Nice by all means. When I travel?"
"Early next week, if you rest the remainder as this."
Mr. Fletcher gave a dissatisfied grunt as he turned himself in his bed.
"Look here, Maitland," he said when he had settled himself in a new position; "if you think at my time of life I'm going to go about foreign countries by myself you're mistaken. You'll have to come with me."
The doctor smiled; he was pleasantly surprised to hear his patient make the suggestion, but he did not wish him to see how gratified he was.
"What is to become of my practice meanwhile?" he asked.
"Oh, your practice must take care of itself; look upon this journey as a holiday taken rather earlier than usual. See me safely to Nice, put me into the hands of a good doctor there, and then you can leave me to end my days in peace. I think you will do that for three hundred and expenses?"
"I would do it for less," was Maitland's reply.
"I don't want you. I'm rich enough, as you well know, to pay well for what people do for me. What do you suppose I want to keep my money for? I can't take it with me, can I—eh?"
"Not beyond Nice," replied the young doctor, using the freedom which his eccentric patron liked.
"Good, and I shan't want much there; I can't make much of a hole in my property in six months, however hard I try; though I believe that young scamp of a nephew of mine will grudge me my daily drive."
Maitland was silent; it was not his place to foster the breach between uncle and nephew, whatever his private opinion of Fred Dexter's character might be.
"You have a father, haven't you?" asked the old gentleman after a pause.
"Yes; he is still living."
"Then treat him better than my son treated me; it will make him happier, if it doesn't make you."
"I wish you would let me speak to you about your son," said Maitland.
"Thank you; I'd sooner hear you on any other subject."
"I don't often trouble you with this one."
"No, or I should change my doctor."
"You have done him injustice, at all events," said Maitland, rather warmly, "and I think you will live to repent it."
"In that case you must make me live longer than you profess to be able to do," retorted the invalid. "Don't come in to-morrow, and we will make final arrangements about the journey."
Maitland knew Mr. Fletcher intimately enough to know that the interview was

over. He left the room and proceeded on his round of afternoon visits, reaching his small house about an hour before dinner.
A letter was waiting for him; it was directed in a lady's hand, and bore the postmark of Nice. He read it through twice, apparently enjoying the perusal, then he lay back in his chair and thought.
"It's a stroke of good fortune, most decidedly," he soliloquized. "Amy is at Nice, and now I shall be able to go and see her. That will be a pleasant surprise for her, I hope. I'm afraid she doesn't get too many of them. Luckily Mr. Fletcher will never guess the reason of my recommending Nice; after all it is just as good for him as any other place, and I may be doing him a greater service than he dreams of in taking him there, if things fall out as they should."
In the midst of his reverie the servant entered, bringing him another letter.
"Please, Sir, this came this morning but you don't seem to have seen it."
Maitland opened it, not with the alacrity he had shown with the first. It ran thus:
"Dear Maitland:—How is the old boy? This question will savor of nepotism or of interested selfishness; you may take your own meaning. I ask because I am among the sharks again, and until I can pacify them with a feed on my uncle's accumulations they are insatiable. I want to know, as a matter of business, how long he is likely to linger on this earth, if he has made a will in my favor, as he knows very well I shall not be very sorry to get it proved. Why should I hesitate to own as truth that he taunts me with every time I meet? Could you lend me fifty till the time comes? Charge fifty per cent, if you like. Tell me truth about my uncle; I can bear it even if you give him five years longer. I shall bear it still better if you confine him to five months. Yours, F. DEXTER."
"Heartless brute!" thought Maitland on finishing, "though certainly he never makes a pretense of being anything else. It's fortunate for him that his uncle knows so little about him or his chances of succession would be considerably smaller."
He scribbled a note in reply to the letter simply informing Dexter of his uncle's intended journey and of his state of health. He omitted to give any opinion as to the probable length of his tenure of life.
Dr. Maitland was still a young man in his profession, though he was thirty-four years of age. He had entered it late; his prospects were fairly good, but hitherto his practice had been restricted—in a country town it takes time for a new man to make a position, as every family of standing already possesses a medical man and is unwilling to change. However, he never did despair of getting on. He had every reason for wishing to do so, for he was desirous of getting married. He was not yet even engaged; he had secret reasons for not proposing at present to the girl he loved. Whether he would ever be in a position to do so was more than he could say yet. For some time he had been in patient during the last five years—in fact, ever since he began practice. This was partly because he had quarreled with all the other medical men of the town, but chiefly for a reason that he would never own. This was that Maitland had been a great friend many years before of his only son Charlie.
Charles Fletcher was of a very different stamp from his father. The latter was as a rule selfish and arrogant—diligent in business and economical in habits. He had bred his son up in his own footsteps, but had found that he could not mold his character as he wished. Charlie was inclined to extravagance, held the opinion that money was of no use unless spent, thought that life should be valued for its opportunities of pleasure rather than of gain, and in countless ways ran counter to his father's life-long maxims. Quarrel followed quarrel; the fact that he loved his son so well only made the father more bitterly resent the want of affection and respect with which he was treated, till one day the crisis arrived.
Mr. Fletcher had determined that his son should marry early, hoping by this means to make him settle down. He informed him of his wishes accordingly, pointing out that he intended to make his future prospects depend on the propriety of his selection. Charlie postponed the matter as long as possible until at last a confession became inevitable. He was married already.
This put a stop to all hope of reconciliation; there was a violent scene, during which the father refused to recognize the marriage, and told his son he must shift for himself. This Charlie said he was quite ready to do, and that his father need not fear any applications for assistance from him. If money made men behave like his father, the less he had of it the better.
A year afterward Charles Fletcher died in Paris. His father refused even to make inquiry as to his wife, but was informed shortly afterward of her death also by a paper sent to him from some unknown quarter. He said nothing to any of his friends, but his health gradually broke down, and from being a robust, active man he became in the course of years an invalid. A second attack of paralysis was the immediate cause of Mr. Maitland's last visit, and no one knew better than the patient that his days were numbered.
"Ah well!" he used sometimes to say. "I don't want to live, and several people want me to die—the majority ought to have their wish."
CHAPTER II.
However, when Mr. Fletcher found himself at Nice, with its charming surroundings and delightful climate, he almost began to have regrets that he must so soon bid farewell to existence.
"I wish, Maitland, I had come here sooner," he said one day. "Why didn't you order me here long ago?"
"I wouldn't have done you any good, and I thought you preferred England!"
"So I do to live in, but this is the sort of place to die in."
Maitland made no attempt to turn his thought; his patient always resented it if he did.
"I hope you are having a pleasant time here as well," continued Mr. Fletcher.
"I don't want to monopolize you, you know."
"Thanks, I think I've shown you I can leave you alone occasionally."

"I didn't know you had friends here. Who are those people I saw you talking to this morning in the gardens?"
"The Kesterions; I only know them slightly."
"H—m!" coughed Mr. Fletcher. "I should have thought you knew one of them rather well. She's a pleasant-looking girl."
Maitland tried his best to look unconcerned, and flattered himself he succeeded.
"Oh, I know the one you mean," he said, "but she isn't one of the Kesterions; she's a Miss Fletcher."
"Same name as mine? Well, Fletchers are common enough."
"Yes, but not such Fletchers as she," remarked Maitland.
The old gentleman did not reply; his thoughts had evidently wandered back to old times. Maitland was careful not to disturb him; he had noticed lately that his reveries had become more frequent, and that they seemed to soften the asperity of his nature.
They were seated on the terrace, where they often came to watch the passers-by; it seemed to please the invalid to see the gay life of which he could no longer be a partaker.
The young doctor was still sitting silently when he was interrupted with: "Bring her here; I want to speak to her." He looked up and saw the young lady of whom they had been speaking approaching them. By her side ran a little girl seven or eight years old.
"Do you wish to know her?" asked Maitland.
"Yes; why should you be afraid of me? I'm not likely to be a rival."
Maitland felt this was a home thrust; the old man's eyes were keen enough yet. He went forward to meet Miss Fletcher, closely watched by his patient.
"Amy," he said, "I want to introduce you to a patient of mine. Oddly enough he has the same name as yours. You will talk to him a few minutes."
"With pleasure," replied Amy, adding in a half whisper: "So it is a kindness to you for me to talk to some one else, is it?"
"Sit down here, my dear," said the invalid, after a few minutes general talk.
"Maitland, you take little Missy to see that wonderful cactus at the end of the terrace; I want to talk to Miss Fletcher a little."
Maitland obeyed, glad to find that he had interested his patient in a new direction. He took his cissy's hand and marched off toward the cactus, though she seemed scarcely to like leaving Miss Fletcher.
She soon began talking about her, and found that her companion was an appreciative listener. Not only that, but he asked questions about her—a most unjustifiable proceeding, of course; but he saved his conscience by arguing that nothing cissy could say would alter his opinion of her goodness, and it was very pleasant to hear her praises sounded by a disinterested observer.
At the end of a quarter of an hour they returned to the seat. Amy rose as they approached.
"Maitland," said Mr. Fletcher, "I am going to stay-out here for another hour or so; you had better accompany this young lady home. You will find me here when you return."
Maitland did not make any very lengthy protest.
"How do you like my old friend?" he asked when they were out of hearing.
"I think he is delightful," was Amy's reply.
"What did you talk about?"
"All sorts of things. He asked me a lot of questions; how old I was—that was very rude, wasn't it?—and about my father and mother, and how it was I lived with the Kesterions."
"And what did you say?"
"I told him that you could tell him more about me than I could myself. He seemed rather surprised. I should not wonder if you came in for a cross-examination this evening."
"Did he ask to come and talk to him again?"
"Yes, Why?"
"I suppose because he liked your society," replied Maitland, willfully misinterpreting her question. "Be sure you come to the terrace at the same time to-morrow."
"Yes, I will make a point of it, so you can consider yourself relieved."
"I may be relieved, but I don't intend to be dismissed again," replied Maitland with a laugh. "I suppose I have no excuse good enough for coming in?" he added as they reached the door of the villa hired by the Kesterions.
"I must leave you to settle that question."
"I have no excuse at all, but I'm coming in all the same, if you will let me."
"It isn't my house," replied Amy.
"That is a very ungracious invitation," said Maitland as he accompanied her into the hall.
When Maitland, half an hour later, returned to his patient, he found him talking with a man who was sitting next to him. "He is making acquaintance to-day," thought the young doctor. As he approached, however, he saw that the supposed stranger was Mr. Fletcher's nephew, Fred Dexter.
"Ah, Maitland!" was his greeting, "here I am, you see."
"Yes," put in the old gentleman, on whose nature his nephew always acted as an irritant, "where the carcass is, you know, Maitland."
"Oh, come, uncle, you're not a carcass yet," protested Dexter. "You might have blamed me with more reason if I'd waited till you were one before I came to see you."
"He seems to be under the impression that I shall be able to blame him after I'm dead," remarked Mr. Fletcher sarcastically to Maitland.
"Oh, come, uncle, I don't see why you should always put the worst interpretation on all I say."
"I won't bear any other," pettishly replied the old man. "Who told you I was here?"
"Maitland. I wrote and asked him about you."
"Do you mind letting me see that letter?"

Maitland here interposed and said he believed he had not kept it.
"That's a pity," said Dexter; "I should like to have shown it to you that you might see what my letters about you are like."
"Let us go in," said Mr. Fletcher; "I'm getting tired. You will dine with us to-night?"
"Many thanks, uncle, but I've promised to see some people to-night."
"Who?"
"They are called Kesterion."
"Do you know them?" inquired Maitland rather anxiously.
"Oh, yes, very well. Do you?"
"Slightly."
"There is a very nice girl in the house, a sort of companion or governess. She's called Fletcher, same name as uncle's. Odd coincidence, isn't it?"
"Come!" said Mr. Fletcher peremptorily.
After dinner, instead of trying to get his usual nap, Mr. Fletcher sat in his easy-chair, evidently in a very excited frame of mind. He seemed undecided what to do; he fidgeted about with one book and another till at last he threw them down, and called out "Maitland!"
"Yes."
"Let me see the letter that precious nephew of mine wrote you. You haven't destroyed it. I could see well enough that you were only trying to screen him. He said I could have read it if it had not been torn up."
"I have it, its true," replied Maitland, "but I can't show it to you without his permission."
"He gave it."
"But I told him I thought I had destroyed it."
"Very well, if you don't show it me I shall conclude the worst; it's clear you would let me see it in a moment if you felt to be seen. Fred had better take care; he knows that he is my heir, but he doesn't know how near he is to having his expectations disappointed. I'm afraid he is a scamp, and it will be a bad job for him if he can't conceal the fact a few months longer."
Maitland did not attempt to defend Dexter, both his conscience and inclination were against such a course. He knew that he was, in spite of his advantages, a loose, untrustworthy, and selfish fellow, and he had strong reasons for hoping that his succession to Mr. Fletcher's money might never become a fact.
The old man seemed inclined to talk this evening. He turned himself round to face Maitland and said: "Who is Amy Fletcher?"
"She is governess at the Kesterions."
"Why? Who got her the place?"
"I did," replied Maitland, looking rather guilty.
"H—m! you seem to take a considerable interest in this young lady. Has she any money?"
"None whatever."
"Then who paid for her schooling?"
"Her father left enough to cover most of the expense."
"And you supplied the rest?"
Maitland's look was sufficient to condemn him.
"It's a nice romantic story," continued the old man; "when do you propose to marry her?"
"I don't know," replied the young doctor; "perhaps not at all."
"You mean she doesn't care for you."
"No, I don't mean that; but I am in a very peculiar position in regard to her."
"What is the peculiarity?"
"Do you ask me to tell you?"
"Yes, why not?"
"I didn't like to do so without your asking me directly. I have reason to believe that she may be an heiress."
"I don't see why that should stop you."
"No, perhaps not; though people would doubt my sincerity in proposing to a girl so rich as she may become."
"It is very odd that an heiress should be a governess."
"She doesn't know who she is," explained Maitland. "I am the only one in the world who does know. Suppose that I ask her hand—she may accept me; afterward she discovers that she is very rich; what will she think of me then? She will judge me to be the most despicable man in the world."
"Why not tell her she is an heiress, and then propose? If she loves you, the fact that she is rich will only add to her willingness to accept you."
"I cannot tell her because she may never be so."
Mr. Fletcher looked puzzled. "There is more in this than you tell me, Maitland," he said. "You've treated me very well; I've taken a liking for you, and for the girl, too, for that matter; I should like to help you if I can, and feel I have done one kindness before it is out of my power to do any. How did you come to have this girl on your hands?"
"I knew her father and mother very well. They died abroad within a few months of each other. I was only a very young man then, as you may imagine, but they left me in charge of their only daughter, then scarcely more than an infant. My mother brought her up; when she was old enough she was sent to school, as I told you."
This simple recital interested the old man more than he cared to show. He could not prevent his voice from trembling as he asked:
"Is her grandfather alive?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Why does he not support her?"
"He does not know of her existence. He quarreled with his son, who went abroad and died there, telling me never to let his father know that he left a child. I have kept the secret till now."
"You may as well finish the story now you have gone so far," said the invalid, falling back in his chair. "What was her father's name?"
"Charles Fletcher."
"My son?"
"Yes, your son."
"Then Amy is my grandchild?" Maitland assented.
"She does not know it?"
"No; she is not aware of the existence of any relative. Your son made me promise she should be kept in ignorance of her relationship to you. I shall never tell her."
"That will do for to-night. I am tired

and excited; my head aches abominably. I will go to bed."
Maitland came down stairs so soon as he had seen his patient attended to. He too felt excited and feverish. He determined to take a stroll in the cool evening air. His object had been accomplished; he had made known to his patient the existence of his granddaughter. Would the result answer his expectations? If so, what would it be his duty to do?
He was still revolving the matter in his mind, trying to look at it dispassionately as an outsider and failing miserably, when he heard himself accosted.
"Hello, Maitland, I thought I recognized you. Gorgeous night, isn't it? Are you in a hurry?"
"I must get back soon," was the reply.
"I'll walk with you if you don't mind. The truth is I've something very important to tell you. I've made a terrific discovery."
"Well?" queried Maitland.
"You know that Miss Fletcher who is companion or something at the Kesterions? I got talking to her to-night pretty confidentially, and somehow happened to ask her the name of her father. You might have knocked me down with a feather, as they say, when she told me it was Charles Fletcher. You know who he was, I suppose?"
"Mr. Fletcher's son."
"Just so. Sweet news for me, isn't it? I've always suspected myself the only relation the old boy has, and he has told me times enough that I'm his heir. Now, if he hasn't made his will I shall be in a hole, for everything will go to this girl."
"She does not know about it, does she?"
"No, thank goodness! No one knows it but ourselves."
"Why have you confided in me?" asked Maitland.
"There you are, you see," exclaimed Dexter. "I hadn't decided whether to tell you or not, when suddenly you appeared before me, and that settled it. It seemed providential."
"That's scarcely sufficient reason for your action, I'm afraid."
"No, by Jove! you're right. To tell the truth for once, I wanted to find out if the old boy has made a will, and thought you were the one most likely to know. Then it struck me it was quite possible you might discover the secret without my help, as I know you are a friend of the Kesterions and acquainted with this girl."
"I've known it a long time."
"Have you, though? My instinct was right. Did my uncle know that Charlie left a child?"
"No; he wished it to be kept secret."
"Well," said Dexter, after a few moments' deliberation. "I'm not as safe as I should like to be. It seems to me I've only one course open to me, which will insure everything turning out right."
"What is that?"
"I must marry Amy."
Maitland gave a start. "Marry Amy!" he repeated.
"Yes. Why not? I must get engaged as soon as possible. When my uncle dies, if he has left me his property, I can break off the engagement if I want to without much difficulty; and if she gets it all for want of a will, I must press forward our marriage. You see I'm showing my confidence in you in telling you my plans beforehand, as I take it for granted you mean to let Amy know who she is after my uncle's death, unless he leaves everything to me by will."
"You are quite right," replied Maitland stiffly. He had recovered his calmness now, and had need of it all to restrain himself. "It certainly was my intention to let her know. I do not promise you I shall not tell her at once, in order that she may have an opportunity in urging her claim."
"Oh, confound it all, Maitland, what good will that do? Let it stand as it is for a time at any rate. Give a fellow a chance. You see, as it is, I can make love to her as a man of good expectations, and she's only a poor governess; but reverse our positions, and where's my chance? No, you must let matters stand for a week or two."
"I won't promise anything now," replied Maitland. "I shall see you to-morrow, and will tell you my decision then."
He turned away without even saying good-night. Dexter was such a mixture of apparent good-nature and selfishness; he had such a way of taking him into his confidence and making him a sort of partner in his disgraceful plans, that Maitland was disgusted beyond measure. And this was the man who was his rival for Amy! And his own hands were tied!

He rose early, after an almost sleepless night. He found that his patient was out of sorts, evidently the result of want of rest. He made no allusion to the events of the previous day; both of them seemed unwilling to start the subject. However, in the afternoon, Fletcher abruptly said:
"Maitland, I wish you would send to my nephew's hotel. You know it, I suppose?"
"Yes. Are you going to the terrace this afternoon?"
"Yes; the same time as yesterday. I want to see Amy."
Half an hour afterward Dexter made his appearance. Mr. Fletcher asked Maitland to leave them and rejoin them on the terrace in an hour. As he went out Dexter managed to whisper—
"You won't tell her?"
"No," replied Maitland firmly.
The interview between uncle and nephew was rather long. Mr. Fletcher told Dexter that he was not so ignorant of these things as he supposed, and that he had for some time doubted whether he ought to let such a scapegrace to his heir.
"I was once harsh to my son," said the old man, "and I lost him. I determined to make every allowance for you. I don't ask you if you don't deserve it, but I should like to know your plans. Do you intend to marry?"
This sudden question took Dexter off his guard. Making up his mind on the spur of the moment, he answered:
"Yes, sir."
"Whom?"
"Well, it isn't quite settled yet between us. I have not declared myself yet, but,

if I obtain your consent, I will do so at the earliest opportunity."
"Who is she?"
"She is the governess at the Kesterions," replied his nephew boldly. "You've never seen her I suppose, but she is a very charming girl."
"No fortune I presume?"
"I believe not."
"Then you can't marry unless with my money?"
Dexter rather uneasily answered:
"No, Sir."
"Very well," said his uncle. "I have no objection to your making a love match. I tell you what I will do. It would be unsatisfactory for both of you if you rich man were to marry a pauper. If you will her consent I will give mine and make her heiress of half what I have. You will then be on equal terms, as man and wife should be."
Dexter was growing more and more uncomfortable. This was far from the state of things he wished for.
"You are very thoughtful, uncle," he murmured.
"I should like to see this young lady," continued Mr. Fletcher. "I presume that by birth and education she is fitted to be your wife? You have made inquiries, I presume?"
"Well, uncle, I thought that would be rather wanting in delicacy. She is evidently a lady."
"Your sentiments do you honor, Fred. It was quite right of you not to make impertinent inquiries, especially considering her position."
Dexter felt he had done it now. It was impossible for him to confess that he knew Amy's identity. After a little further conversation they started for the terrace, where Maitland was shortly to meet them. Meanwhile the young doctor had been spending an unhappy hour. He was sure that Dexter would take the opportunity of telling his uncle his intention to marry Amy; the probability was greatly in favor of the old man's approval of his nephew's suit rather than of his Maitland's. One thing he was sure of—that he must keep silent till Dexter had either won or lost, and that if he won he must keep silent forever. His only hope was that Amy loved him. Yet why should she? He had always been careful to treat her as a young sister, and if occasionally he had been conscious of saying something which was not quite appropriate for a brother, she had never given him reason for believing that she had ever contemplated the possibility of a closer relationship between them than had always existed. Yet, if he lost her, and to such a heartless scoundrel! No! he would never let her marry that other. Yet what could he do if she accepted him?
His mind was still full of the matter when he found himself on the terrace, near the usual seat of the invalid. Mr. Fletcher and his nephew were already there, and close by them stood Amy. She had evidently only that moment arrived. Dexter rose, and with considerable eagerness offered her his seat, and began to introduce her to his uncle.
"There is no necessity," interrupted Mr. Fletcher, "this young lady and I have met before."
Dexter looked surprised and annoyed. He had made good use of his time during the morning, which he spent in the company of Amy, doing all he could to compress a courtship into a couple of hours. He had told her he wanted to introduce her to his uncle, but had not mentioned his name, and Amy never imagined that the uncle was the same old gentleman whose acquaintance she had already made.
At this moment Maitland came up. He took off his hat to Amy, and remained standing near.
For some time the conversation was to the last degree commonplace; not one of the men seemed inclined to be the first to broach the subject that each was thinking of. At last Mr. Fletcher, after a painful cough, said:
"My dear, I want to speak to you seriously for a minute or two. You will excuse an old man who has not many months to live if he says things a little bluntly. Try and suppose that he is afraid he has not time to do otherwise."
Amy looked surprised, but said nothing.
"My nephew," continued Mr. Fletcher, "has told me that he wishes you to be his wife. He has not, I believe, confessed as much to you, knowing that the possibility of his marrying depends on me. I have told him that, if he gains your consent, he will not marry a penniless girl, for I shall give you the same as I shall give him. So you see, you may rely entirely on your feelings in giving your answer; it will not be a case of marrying for money, but only for love. What do you say?"
Amy said nothing. She turned her eyes on Maitland, who persistently kept his averted.
"This is too sudden, uncle," pleaded Dexter.
"Perhaps it is," assented the old man. "I do not ask for a decisive answer now. Plead your own cause, my lad, during the next week, and then Amy shall give her reply."
Amy turned her head.
"There is no necessity to wait for a week," she said; "my mind is quite made up. I can never marry Mr. Dexter."
"My dear girl," persisted Mr. Fletcher, "do not make up your mind so swiftly. No doubt my blunt way of putting the matter has pained you. I can see you are agitated. Let me plead for my nephew. His love for you is disinterested, he knows you but as a charming young lady who is at present occupying a position unworthy of her. He knows nothing of you what-ever beyond that; judge then whether you are treating him quite fairly in refusing to listen to him. It is not easy to find young men, nowadays, who are capable of displaying such disinterested earnestness and devotion in seeking for a wife. He tells me he is even ignorant of the name of your parents—does not that show he values you for yourself?"
Dexter had tried once or twice to interrupt his uncle, but in vain, however, he now managed to interpose with:
"Really, uncle, you appear to imagine that—"

"Did Mr. Dexter tell you he did not know who my father was?" she asked.
"Yes," replied Mr. Fletcher, "and I applauded the delicacy of feeling he showed."
"I must tell you then that he did ask me, and seemed very much surprised to hear his name. There seems to be some mystery about it, for its mention seems to have sufficed to turn Mr. Dexter from a casual acquaintance into an ardent admirer."
Dexter stood abashed; he did not at tempt to defend himself.
"So, Sir," said his uncle severely, "it seems that you do know who this young lady is. I had my suspicions, and that is why I have said what I have, thinking I should catch you in your own trap."
"I thought you would be pleased if I married her," pleaded Dexter.
"Don't say another word, Sir. Leave us now; come to my rooms this evening. I shall have something to say to you then."
Dexter walked away as carelessly as he could.
"Come a little closer to me my dear child," said Mr. Fletcher in a tender tone, as soon as his nephew was out of sight. "I have some news for you. You must think me a very strange old man—so I am, perhaps. You think I have been very rude and unkind, but it was for your sake. No one is near us now; put your arms round my neck and kiss me and call me grandpapa."
Amy looked at him in astonishment for a moment, and then glanced at Maitland. His look reassured her; she flung her arms round the old man's neck and kissed him. "Grandpapa!" she exclaimed. "Is it true?"
"Yes, my darling. Ah, if I had only known it before! It's your fault, Maitland."
"Are you quite sure?" he asked.
"Well, no; I suppose it's chiefly mine. You think, Amy, you will be able to love me for the few months I have to live?"
"Oh, don't talk of dying, grandpapa, you mustn't."
"Ask Maitland."
"What must I ask him?"
"If he can spare me a part of your affection for a time. Ah, I know all about it, you see; my eyes are not so dim yet but that I have seen more than either of you imagine. Take her, Maitland."
Maitland did not hesitate long, for Amy's glad look revealed to him that her grandfather had judged her truly.—*THE YEAR ROUND.*

A Sharp Geologist.
Clarence King, pretty well known in the United States as having charge of our geological surveys for some time, is having a social success in London that is quite phenomenal. While in New York he stopped at the Brevoort House, and there entertained the Duke of Newcastle three or four years ago in a way that made him welcome when he went to England. No unofficial American during this decade has been so taken up, not only by the nobility, but what is more important, by the literary and scientific leaders of London. He has the entire to all sorts of places. Within two months he had dined twice with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and once at Balmoral with the Queen and Princess Beatrice. He is a brilliant talker, a scholar, and a thinker, and meets all the best minds of the day.
Do your readers remember the great diamond swindle in California? It was he that exposed it. I think the particulars have never been published. Here they are in brief: In 1869 a number of Californians who had some knowledge of geology put their heads together and spent two years working up a tremendous scheme to plunder the American people. They collected uncut diamonds and rubies all over the world, paid a large sum for them, took them to a lonely spot in California—the only spot where gems could possibly appear—and carefully salted the ground with them around the base of a great rock. Then they took a few specimens to San Francisco with them. There was great excitement. A company was organized, and the Bank of California (Ralston) paid several hundreds of thousands of dollars in advance for stock. The Rothschilds telegraphed to Ralston from Europe to buy for them enough stock to control the diamond field. The Bank of California sent out an experienced geologist to inspect the find. Janin, I believe his name was, led him to the rock and told him to "dig around there anywhere." He dug and found the diamonds and rubies, and went back and reported "all right." The fever was at its height. There was a great clamor for stock.
Clarence King was in San Francisco. Satisfied that this was a fraud, he denounced it. The conspirators put detectives to watch him. He collected such indications of the spot as he could, shook off the detectives, rode all night on horseback, and, after much searching, found the spot, and in an hour had \$35,000 worth of jewels in a leather bag tied around his waist. He rode back at full gallop and called a meeting of the diamond company. They met, and when he told them it was the greatest fraud in history they howled at him incredulously. Then he drew out the bag and said: "Here are \$25,000 of your property. I dug these jewels out of the ground, where they had been buried to deceive you. Here is a diamond from Brazil. It is unmistakable. Here is one from Australia. Here is a ruby. Now rubies cannot exist by the side of diamonds. They never are found in such contiguity. Here are others from other parts of the world. I leave them all with you. Your jewel field is an artificial one. I have called on your geologist and told him that if you sell any stock to the people you will be mobbed. Your houses will be torn down."
They were confounded. But they verified his words, telegraphed to Rothschild "All up," arrested the conspirators and called in their stock. King saved the Bank of California from ruin. They offered to pay him for his services, but he said "Not a cent." "Very well," said Mr. Ralston, "whenever during life you wish to draw \$50,000 from this bank your draft will be honored." He has not drawn it yet.

A Few Duke of manner, know, and was Europe, eccentric from dine with d'ade— next to be ring, and sion to gratified, alion of to be one the stran "Exc to know that you diamond ed at you "first was paste. A but still "The ble, and the stone was at on nounced least 50,00 he inform the interv and again and the la and the duke. "Well for that p "Ah, you choos that you l paste, then "The d agreement the money the strange and, plac the duke. took the have it res expensive ring to the it and said will be ob the settin good for a "True c had chang trick, clear one of the

It was a and anxious carrying Eastern walking the finally for and seatin on the cust train was entered and search of a ly before the "This seat ped out, bag, left his bags seat."

"Well," ly, "I'm p object I'll j bag for him ceremony, the large m earnestly chambers of panion migh Chelsea, as beyond. A stars for every even of the grip- "The train In vain did stranger's destination but the stran and the lar train stop stranger ga budding, at perspire. T stranger sti never offer large man saw that he bear it, and could. But fully grasped thankful for punish the selfish doer reached, the for his bag, the same wit saying, "I b is not your

THE FLAG OF THE PRESS.

It is not of silk or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.

It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.
It is not of gold or of hunting.

A Clever Dodge.

A French swindler cheated the late Duke of B— in the following "cute" manner. The late duke, as every one knew, was passionately fond of diamonds, and was one of the greatest collectors in Europe. In many ways he was very eccentric, and often used to travel about from one hotel to another *incognito*, and dine with the other guests at the table d'hôte. One day after dinner at the Hotel de— he noticed that the man sitting next to him wore a magnificent diamond ring, and presently he requested permission to examine it, which was at once granted. The duke expressed his admiration of the stone, which he pronounced to be one of the first water. Upon this the stranger remarked:

"Excuse me, your grace, but I happen to know you are, and know, also, that you are one of the best judges of diamonds in the country. I am astonished at you pronouncing this a 'stone' of 'first water,' when I know it to be only paste. A very good imitation, certainly, but still only paste."

"The duke denied that this was possible, and requested permission to submit the stone to a lapidary, which permission was at once granted. The lapidary pronounced the stone genuine, and worth at least 50,000 francs. On the duke's return he informed the stranger of the result of the interview. He smiled incredulously, and again repeated that both the duke and the lapidary were mistaken, and that it was a paste diamond. At this the duke became nettled and said:

"Well, I am sure I that it is a diamond. I will give you 50,000 francs for it."

"No replied the stranger, 'there are a few honest men remaining in the world, and I certainly will not sell you a paste diamond for a real one.' Upon which the duke, thoroughly aroused now, said:

"Well, I will give you 50,000 francs for that paste diamond."

"Ah, that is quite a different story. If you choose to give me a written guarantee that you buy it, I assuring you that it is paste, then I will do it."

"The duke agreed to this, and an agreement was drawn out and signed and the money paid over. At the same time the stranger took from his finger a ring, and placing it in a ring box handed it to the duke. A few days after this the duke took the diamond to a jeweler to have it reset, and after describing a very expensive setting he wanted, handed the ring to the jeweler. The man looked at it and said: 'Your grace's commands will be observed; but don't you think that the setting you described is rather too good for a paste diamond?'

"True enough, Baron, for it was he, had changed the ring by a sleight-of-hand trick, cleared 50,000 francs, and done up one of the cleverest men in Europe."

Overmatched.

It was a day when everybody was tired and anxious to sit down that a large man, carrying a grip-sack, boarded an Eastern railroad train, and, after walking through several crowded cars, finally found the one vacant seat, and seating himself, placed his bag on the cushion at his side. Just as the train was about to start, another man entered and made the same journey in search of a seat. As he stopped inquiring before the large man, the latter said: "This seat engaged, sir; a man just stepped out, but will return in a moment; he left his baggage here as a claim to the seat."

"Well, said the second traveler, frankly, 'I'm pretty tired, and if you don't object I'll just sit down here and hold his bag for him till he returns,' and, without ceremony, this he proceeded to do. Then the large man, who was bound for Lynn, earnestly prayed within the inmost chambers of his little heart that his companion might get off at Somerville, or Chelsea, anywhere but Lynn or a station beyond. And the tired man thanked his stars for even a moment's rest, expecting every second to be dusted by the owner of the grip-sack."

The train moved out from the station. In vain did the large man try to read the stranger's ticket to see what his destination was. Somerville was reached, but the stranger sat quietly in his place, and the large man grew nervous. The train stopped at Everett, and still the stranger gazed peacefully ahead, never budging, and the large man began to perspire. Then came Chelsea, and the stranger still held fast to the bag, and never offered to stir. The agony of the large man was simply frightful, but he saw that he could do nothing but grin and bear it, and get out of the fix as best he could. But the stranger had by this time fully grasped the situation, and, though thankful for his seat, determined to punish the unaccommodating pig for his selfish deception. So, when Lynn was reached, the large man put forth his hand for his bag, but the stranger drew back the same with an expression of surprise, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir, but this is not your baggage."

"But it isn't yours," stammered the owner, blushing.

"To be sure; but I propose to see it returned to the proper person. Here, conductor, here's a man who wants to run off with this baggage that doesn't belong to him. Somebody put it in the seat to secure a place, and evidently got left at Boston, for he hasn't claimed it, and now this man wants to run away with it," and he gave the conductor a wink, and, as that official knew the stranger personally, he understood the wink, and promptly replied:

"The only thing to do is to return the bag to Boston, and store it among the unclaimed baggage."

"But," expostulated the large man—"Hold on, there," said the conductor, showing a police badge; "none of this. What kind of a man was it who left the bag?"

And then the stranger and the conductor and one or two sympathizing passengers combined to confuse the large man, and he, hating to confess to his piggishness, and knowing not what to do, precipitately fled, amid the frowns and sighs of the observers at his wickedness. But the stranger, with a happy, contented smile, had the bag returned to Boston, where the large man had to come next day and identify it.

The moral to this tale is obvious.—N. Y. Tribune.

Niagara Falls as It Is.

After breakfast one morning I strolled down to see the falls, and found them very much as they were last year, and the year before, and the year before that, except that every season the visitor is kept a little further away from them unless he pays an admission fee. An immense body of water rushes over the precipice every minute, and it is stated on good authority, and I see no reason to doubt it. There is more going over this season than usual, because the water in the river and in the lakes is higher. My early morning visit to the falls stirred up a variety of emotions, if they may be dignified by such a name. They were principally envy, surprise, disgust and admiration. The falls themselves had nothing to do with any of these feelings, but the surroundings brought them all to the front. I envied the wind and water, because they are the only things that are allowed to stir abroad here without paying tribute to the immense sharks that bask in the Niagara sun, with their tails in the railway station and their fins splashing in the river. It was a surprise that visitors should be allowed to see a clear stretch of more than 200 feet of the rapids above the falls without encountering either a ticket office or a toll-gate. Disgust was exceedingly prominent over the way every visitor to the greatest waterfall in the world is taken in and skinned. But it is impossible to go there without being filled with admiration, not necessarily for the falls, but for the masterly way in which the natives have managed to fence in every bit of natural scenery, every point from which a view is to be had, and charge the visitor well for going to it. It is impossible not to respect these people. What they do they do well. When they set out to rob a man they take his last cent. They are artists and love their art. I have been misled and delicately swindled in a great many summer resorts, but I never found anything anywhere to equal the cool rascality and copperfaced cheek of the miscreants who attach themselves to a visitor in the Niagara Falls station and dog his shadow as long as he is within their reach. In this list of honor allow me to include not alone the hackmen, who, poor fellows, only follow the example of their betters, but also the hotel proprietors, the tradesmen, and every man, woman or child who makes a living out of the summer visitors. They are a set of comorants, the whole lot of them.—New York Times.

True Women.

At the recent opening of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, the central point of interest to the people of both cities was the engineer, Roebling, whose health had been sacrificed, as his father's life had been, to this great triumph of mechanical skill.

The pathetic little story was known to everybody, of how, when he was no longer able to walk to the bridge, or to carry on the vast and intricate calculations necessary to the work, his wife was said to have fitted herself for the task, and actually performed the duties of chief engineer, controlling the large corps of subordinates, and assisting her husband in every part of his great labor.

A similar instance of a woman's noble devotion to her husband's interest, is that of the wife of Gen. Charles E. Eliot, who was the engineer of the suspension bridges across the Ohio and Niagara Falls. Mrs. Eliot, at mature age, studied the higher mathematics, in order to help her husband in his work. She was, with the ability and knowledge of a skilled professional engineer, the most retiring and sensitive of women.

The wife of Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster General of England, who, it will be remembered, is blind,—has for years borne a full share of all her husband's public labors. She is his amanuensis, adviser and confidential friend, and sits beside him at his desk or in his seat in Parliament. There is no woman more honored in England.

There are many women who wish to secure a public career for their sex, who regard a husband as an "obstacle" and children as mere "impediments" in the way of wife and mother who wishes to develop her own capabilities, and to make herself useful to the world.

But they cannot go back of nature. God meant a woman to be first wife, then mother, and afterwards, citizen. Such women as these whom we have mentioned, with their full, wide lives, developed in affection, power and usefulness, prove that the highest career to which any young girl can aspire, is not a solitary one, but that which lies side by side with the man who has chosen her out of all the world, and with the children whom God may give her.

American women usually do not try to share in the work or interests of their husbands. Many an educated young

wife is giving as much time and mental labor to society, embroidery, or to spoiling china, as would enable her to help most efficiently her husband in his business, or to prepare her sons for college.

The Shark's Attendant.

In the Caribbean Sea some of the fishermen use a fish—the remora—in the capture of turtles. The fish is the well-known attendant upon the shark, having a disk-like sucker upon its head, with which it clings to large fishes. The extent to which this labor-saving arrangement is used is shown in the fact that the upper side of the fish, that in others is generally dark, is light, and the under side dark. So powerful is the sucker that fifteen or twenty pounds can be lifted by taking the fish by the tail, and by carefully playing in the water a large turtle can be caught. The fishermen take the remoras out in a tub of water in their boats, and have a leather strap attached to a long line that is fitted about the fish's tail. At the approach of a turtle the fish is tossed over, and remembering its old friend, or instinctively, it attaches itself, and so the reptile, after toying the boat, is gradually brought alongside and subdued, and the remora placed in the tub to await a second appearance. The remora attain a length of a foot and a half, and attend sharks and turtles, and have also been seen about a large porgie. Numbers of small animals are used indirectly as lures to game, showing that the economic value of animals in this respect is of no little importance even at the present day.

VARIETIES.

When Mr. Topnoody had finished a very good supper Tuesday evening, and his wife had joined him on the front steps in the balmy air of the gloaming, she thought he was in good humor and said:

"Topnoody, you are real nice sometimes, ain't you?"

"I'm glad to hear you say that, my dear," he answered in a softened tone, "it brings back the memory of our youth when love touched the world only with the rose tint of joyous anticipation, and life was a happy dream."

"Well, you are nice dear, and if you'll be real sweet I'll tell you something."

"All right my dear, what is it?"

"Why, I want a new bonnet."

"What kind of one, my dear?"

"Something pretty and stylish. I saw a love of a little one to-day down town for only twenty-five dollars."

"What?"

"No, not a 'what,' but '\$5.'"

"One of them little scoop things for twenty-five dollars? That's awful. Where's your old one?"

"Up stairs in the rag-bag."

"Why don't you wear that?"

"Because it is all out of style."

"Well, I can't afford to pay \$25 for a handful of straw and flowers."

"But I must have a bonnet, I tell you."

"Wear the old one."

"I won't do it."

"I'm wearing a hat I bought last fall for only \$3, and you ought to wear a bonnet as long as I wear a hat."

"You may do as you please, Topnoody, and look like a last year's bird's nest if you want to, but I won't."

"What do you want with one of them scoops, anyhow? I wouldn't wear one if I had a million."

"You wouldn't wear one, wouldn't you?"

"No I wouldn't."

"Well, I can tell you something I wear in this house, Topnoody, that you would wear if you had a chance."

"What's that?"

"The breeches, Topnoody, and I want you to understand right here, for once and all, that I'm to have a new bonnet, and have it in time to wear to church next Sunday. Do you hear? And she snapped her fingers in his face."

Topnoody evidently heard, for a bonnet was sent up from the milliner's the next day.—The Drammer.

UNCLE HANK ALLEN was, perhaps, the smoothest and most accomplished liar in Central New York. Why, the old man's lies were so smooth, so artistic, that while listening to them you imagined you were listening to Elder Cleveland's Bible stories. One day we were all talking about potato-bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmers' club. Old Hank scratched his head thoughtfully and remarked:

"Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know anything about the ravenous nature of them potato-bugs. You may call me a liar, but I've had potato-bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potatoes right out of the oven. Waiting around the potato patch for the second crop!" exclaimed Old Hank, with a sneer. "Waiting? Why, confound your eyes, I was up at Townsend's store yesterday, and I saw potato-bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potatoes for next year. I did, by gosh!"

The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally a lean man from Woodman's Road raised himself up near the door. He was evidently a new-comer and was not acquainted with Mr. Allen. Pointing his long finger at Uncle Hank he exclaimed:

"You are a liar!"

Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand he inquired with a puzzled look: "When did you get acquainted with me?"

It's a great pity," said the chorister, "that the clergy are not educated musically as a rule. We should have better music in our churches if they were. But, as a usual thing, they are densely ignorant of the art divine. I had charge of the music one year in a fashionable Brooklyn church. It was the minister's habit to send me up a list of the hymns just before each service. One morning I found that he had selected a hymn that not a single tune in the book would 'fit.' The service had not yet begun, and I rushed down into the doctor's study.

"I must ask you to change one of the hymns, sir," I said.

"Ah, how is that?" he asked, looking up from his manuscript sermon in evident annoyance.

"There is not a single tune in our collection in the same meter as this hymn," I returned, presenting him the book.

"Is that all sir?" he demanded, with great dignity. "Then why, may I ask, don't you sing in some other meter?"

Two well-dressed young men sat in a Third Avenue car on Thursday. It was one of those long, seats-adjacent pairs and the writer sat immediately behind them.

"You don't call on Miss—any more," said one to the other.

"No."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know; we had a falling out."

"I think she's a real nice girl."

"Yes—"

"They always treat me nicely. I took some friends up there the other night and Miss— and her father were all kindness. The old man fcted us, actually fcted us."

"He may have fcted you," responded the other, pronouncing the French word with a long "e," "but he footed me and that's the reason I had the 'falling out.'"

Two young men in a New Street office yesterday disputed over the amount of fare charged for crossing the big bridge.

"One cent's the amount," said the first.

"Three cents to cross the bridge," declared the second.

"I bet you fifty cents, exclaimed the first.

"All right," added the second; "I'll take it."

"Well,"

"Well," laughed the second, "there's the accent, the descent and the one cent—that makes three cents, doesn't it?"

The first young man skipped off as though he had been sent for.

SCENE at a table d'hôte of the 16th class, where dinner is served at 6 p. m. At 6:45 a guest takes his seat and asks for soup. The dreg in the tureen are given him. Arrived at the last spoonful, he strikes something hard, and discovers it to be a domino. Furious he calls the master of the establishment.

"See here," cried the exasperated man, "isn't this disgusting! I have just fished up a two and a three with my spoon?"

"Well, replied the unabashed host, "I think you must be crazy. Did you expect the double-six at this time of day?"

INCISIVE and dry, as becomes its nationality, was the rebuke of the Scotch shepherd to Lord Cockburn, of Bonaly. That nobleman was sitting on the hillside with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the cold situation, he said to him:

"John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill."

The shepherd answered:

"Aye, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep, ye would have had mair sense."

Chaff.

Even the quietest woman can make a bustle when she takes a notion to.

We usually learn to wait when we have no longer anything to wait for.

The man who drinks cannot conceal it from the world. His habit is red in his nose.

The potato with all its eyes is the most susceptible of vegetables. It is so easily mashed.

If the wages of sin is death, some old sinners we know of are a long time drawing their salary.

The average girl with a big hat loaded with flowers and feathers seems all head till you talk to her.

General Washington made the Hessian fly—consequently he is responsible for this wheat shortage.

The sympathy of most people consists of a mixture of good humour, curiosity, and self-importance.

The Boston Post declares that an agnostic is "a man who would hesitate about betting on a straight flush."

Why does a person who is out of health partly lose his sense of touch? Because he doesn't feel well.

Demides compared the Athenians to a clarinet: "Take out their tongues and they are good for nothing."

A young lady when presented with a pair of opera glasses said to her friend: "How in the world am I to keep them on?"

Mark Twain remarks that all we need to possess the finest navy in the world is ships—for we have plenty of water.

"Come in out of that hot sun, my Lafayette! De fust thing you know you'll be burnt as black as de night next doak."

"How to Attain the Life Beyond," is the title of a fifty-cent book. We will tell you for a cent. Eat a cucumber.

Tactless people always inspire respect. It is difficult to believe that one has no secret to keep but that of his own insignificance.

A Western paper tells about a young man who was so ashamed of himself on a certain occasion that his hair turned red with mortification.

Men are ruined in the West by land and in the East by petroleum. The modern history of Greece will be interesting and useful to posterity.

A thief, caught in the act, said to Demosthenes: "I didn't know it was yours." "No," was the reply, "but you knew it wasn't yours."

When an oil well "blows its head off," and throws the fluid fifty feet above the derrick, it can be said that "oil has an upward tendency."

The waiter inferred that the guest had taken a little something before supper from the mere fact of his ordering "fried fraters and clock p-p-p."

"My dear," said a fond wife, "when we were engaged I always slept with your last letter under my pillow." "And I," murmured her husband often went to sleep over your letters."

"Bright chamberlain proclaims the dawn," said Mrs. Ramsbottom, when she heard a cock crowing in the back garden as it was getting towards the small hours, after her evening party.

"What is a color guard, papa?" the good boy asked. "A parol and a veil, my son," replied his worldly wise parent, and the boy silently wondered what soldiers wanted with such things."

When Jones heard it remarked that the less a man drank in warm weather the cooler he was, he wanted to know how much drink he would have to go without in order to freeze to death.

Some one says "No thoroughly educated man was ever miserable." That man evidently didn't know what it is to attempt the feat of keeping twin babies quiet while their mother goes to church."

They were speaking of a young lady who sings beautifully, and one of the party asked: "Is she a mezzo soprano?" "No, I guess not. I think she is a scribe," was the innocent reply of a high school boy with them."

Aunt Esther was trying to persuade little Eddie to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddie, "but then, Auntie, the old hens always go with them."

"Silver threads among the gold," remarked a young man, as he pulled a gray hair out of butter at a boarding-house table. "Darling, I am growing old," said his companion as a piece of venerable cheese began to crawl off the plate."

Brookport, N. Y., Aug. 16, '83.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.

Gents—For the benefit of those who may be suffering from rheumatism, I make the following statement in relation to your Rheumatic Syrup: I had been suffering severely for six weeks with rheumatism all through my whole body. Spent many sleepless nights, for I could not turn myself in bed, nor raise my hand to my head. My wrists were so swollen I could not bend them without causing terrible pain. When I was persuaded by a friend to try your Rheumatic Syrup. Have been taking it three weeks and find myself able to be up and around the house, and improving so rapidly that I feel as if I could safely recommend it to all those so afflicted. Yours respectfully,

MISS A. O. HANCHETZ.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for ladies of all ages who may be afflicted with any form of disease peculiar to the sex. Her Remedies are not only put up in liquid forms but in Pills and Lozenges, in which forms they are securely sent through the mails.

The Household.

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

Some months ago a very sad story came to my knowledge, having for its heroine a prepossessing fair faced girl whose home was in Canada. In her quiet country home she received a handsome, well dressed suitor, a stranger, who was in the vicinity on business, and who professed himself deeply in love with her. Her sister, with whom she lived, counseled caution, and finally forbade the young man's visits, but the thoughtless girl was easily persuaded into a runaway marriage. Hardly six months passed before she learned that the man she supposed her legal husband had a wife and children in a Canadian city. The miserable scoundrel did not deny the charge, and when fearful reproaches turned to a threat of arrest for bigamy, coolly told the too confiding girl that her marriage was no marriage; the alleged ceremony having been performed by a friend of his who had for that occasion only assumed the office of a justice. There are no words at the shame and agony of the ruined girl, hardly more than a child, for she was not yet eighteen, and as ignorant of the world's ways and wretchedness as only an innocent country girl can be. She left her supposed husband, and with her sister's "I told you so," as a farewell blessing, came to this city, and here, in one of our hospitals, her baby was born. As soon as she was able she left the friendly shelter, taking her child, for the mother love in her heart was too strong to allow her to relinquish all claim to it, as she must if she left it. Then she began her weary search for work. No one wanted a domestic "with a baby crying round," and all she could find to do was washing and scrubbing. She settled in a bare attic, given her by a woman almost as destitute as she,—for the poor are kinder to the poor than the rich; they know what poverty means. There was no bed, only a blanket and a bit of old carpet, no furniture except a dilapidated stove in which Poor Commission coals burned with as little heat as there was sympathy in the hearts of the donors. Days when she had work she left her babe with an old woman, who took care of it for the few pennies she could spare from her wages; and at night she claimed it, and crept under these scanty coverings to sliver till day dawned, with no light but the faint ray from the street lamp on the corner. Can one call up a sadder picture than this girl-mother, in abject poverty, looking from a hopeless present to a still more hopeless future; and brought to this by the love of a man to whom she gave a devoted affection and whom she owned, with tears, she still loved? And not three hundred miles away he who had brought this upon her sat in a luxurious home, with his children climbing upon his knee, while this other child of his was starving in a garret!

Al well, it is a pitiful tale, and told without the slightest exaggeration; indeed the bare facts are sad enough to move the heart to deep and abiding pity. And the story is but one of many. Hardly a paper is taken up in which some such tragedy is not told, and there are scores which the world never hears, and where the injured one drops out of sight and mind as completely as if death had mercifully taken her. A good looking stranger happens along; no one knows who he is or where he hails from, aside from the account he chooses to give of himself. No one questions his right to marry the prettiest, the smartest or the wealthiest girl of the locality. It may chance that he has as many wives as Bluebeard, (indeed it has not long ago a man was arrested for having nine wives in different parts of the country,) and even one woman, armed with documents proving a prior right, can sadly interfere with domestic bliss. Or the husband takes a journey and forgets to return; perhaps as has been done several times in this State within a year, first selling or mortgaging every available bit of property, leaving the wife utterly penniless. We read these stories in the papers, as we read other new items, exclaim at the folly of the girls and the heartlessness of the men, and look for more interesting reading. Yet in every such story there is all the shame, the anguish, the misery of a tragedy which in a novel or upon the stage would move us to tears. It is life or death to the unhappy girl. And as in spite of the warnings of the press against soap peddlers and lightning rod agents, farmers are continually being "taken in" and swindled, so the girls fall to find anything of personal application in these oft-told tales, and go on marrying at the end of a short acquaintance and repenting all the rest of their lives.

It is not well to have too much credulity. We laugh at "Moses and his gross of green spectacles," but "Moses" was not half as "green" as a girl who marries a man of whose antecedents she knows nothing. There is no man who is of any standing in any circle who cannot refer to respectable and responsible parties, and establish his own respectability and responsibility. If he cannot or will not do this, common sense ought to teach us to give him a severe letting alone. No man has any business to admit a stranger, or allow him to introduce himself, to his family circle as a suitor, or even as a prospective suitor, without finding out something more about him than his own mere "say so;" he might as well open the door of the sheep-fold and say to the wolf "help yourself." A man who does not accede to the reasonableness of a request to present his credentials, and promptly produce them, may be safely inferred to have reasons for his reluctance. In good society in cities it is expected that a young man seeking acquaintance will present "reference;" he would not dare claim recognition without doing so; but he can manage an entrance into village and country society. In a majority of cases, on the strength of a good appearance, for which his tailor is principally responsible. Girls hold themselves far too cheaply when they accept and say "thank you" to a man without requiring

more than his bare assertion that he has a legal, let alone a moral right, to call them wife. An honest man will court inquiry, a rogue will be indignant and insulted that "his honor" and "his word" are questioned. It is a good test, but only indubitable proof should be relied upon. Many a silly girl has "mittened" a steady, honest reliable young farmer for the sake of some fellow with more "style," who could pay her compliments, and make a better appearance socially. She forgot to enquire whether the money he spent so freely for ice-cream and carriage rides would hold out for housekeeping purposes, but blinded by a pleased vanity and wished to be envied by other girls, married, only to see her old lover prosperous and respected while her "stylish" husband hunted the village saloon, if he did not abandon her altogether.

Mind this, girls: The young farmers may not be such dashing gallants, nor be as much at ease in company, but they don't owe the tailors for the suits they wear, nor make "the grand spread" on borrowed capital. The young man you have known from childhood, whose character you have had an opportunity of knowing, whose possessions, though modest, are honestly his, is the safest husband. It is a dangerous thing to marry a man who comes as the floss and jetsom of life, tossed here and there by circumstances, who is here to-day and may be gone to-morrow. Teach this "floating population" that a pleasing address is not a passport to your favor, but if you must marry a wandering Adonis, make him produce his credentials, least the story told in my first paragraph comes to be told of you.

